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Duke White:

OR,

THE GREEN RANGER OF THE SCIOTO.

BY CHARLES E. LA SALLE,
AUTHOR OF "BURT BUNKER, THE TRAPPER."

CHAPTER I.

PADDLING A CANOE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"Softly—softly—sh!"

The iron-limbed scout was in a stooping posture, stealing forward like the panther about to spring upon his prey. His words of caution were addressed to the man behind him, although he did not turn his head in the least. He simply waved his hand at his side, and gradually slackened his gait, until, by the side of a large oak, he came to a full pause.

It was the famous Duke White, whom we now introduce to the reader. That thin, wiry, muscular, powerful ranger of the West, who was as fleet of foot as the terrified deer, whose daring made him court danger, and whose exploits make one of the most thrilling pages of our western history. There had been trouble at one of the frontier settlements, and Duke had volunteered to do what he could to set it right.

His companion was Elijah Lamb—commonly called 'Lije Lamb—the last man that the ranger or any other one would have selected as a comrade, when engaged upon a perilous duty. Elijah was as slim and angular as Duke, with an awkward gait, and a courage so shrinking that when brought face to face with danger itself, it was not visible at all. He professed to be a great hunter, but was so little of either hunter or ranger that his sobriquet of "The Green Ranger of the Scioto," was, as we shall see, well bestowed.

It was now past noon. Several miles back the two men had halted for dinner, when they came upon the Indian trail, that showed exceedingly fresh—so much so, that Duke declared the Wyandots could not be far away, and their progress from this time forth must be conducted with the greatest caution.

They were on the wooded top of a large hill, while the Scioto river swept by its base, making a large bend, and, on the peninsula thus made, Duke White suspected that the very body of Indians whom they were pursuing were encamped.

He looked carefully down over the wooded peninsula, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the camp-fire smoke, but he saw none at all. It was a pleasant day in autumn, but the keen, sharp air would have made the warmth of a fire any thing but unpleasant to a party who were halting for any length of time.

"Do you see them?" asked Lamb, with no little eagerness, after he had waited several minutes.

But no reply came. The ranger was too intently occupied in scrutinizing the wood to pay attention to any thing irrelevant.

"Jewhilkins! what's the matter?" demanded the greenhorn, losing all patience; "have you got the cramp, so you can't stir or speak?"

By this time Duke had become satisfied that there was nothing tangible in the way of "sign," except the mere fact that the trail led straight across the deep, narrow Scioto; but whether the Wyandots still were on the peninsula or not was a question only to be decided by a personal examination of the land itself.

The ranger stepped carefully back so as to be sure that no prying red-skin could discern him, and then spoke to his companion.

"Lije, ye're rather fond of blabbin' ain't ye, like all green 'uns?"

"Green 'un! You be hung! I'll learn you how to scout through the woods! I's always considered a good talkist," he replied, with considerable pomposity. "Miss Rushton often told

me she found my conversation very entertaining."

"Yas, I think anybody would, unless he liked to hear sense; but I must I'arn ye one thing."

"What's that?"

"Ye must keep yer mouth shet when ye're on the trail of a Wyandot, and when they're runnin' away with yer sweetheart."

"I'm always circumspect in what I say—I flatter myself I have good sense, sir."

"It is flattery—that's the fact," replied the imperturbable trapper. "Howsumever, to come to business, ye must hold in when we're clus to the varmints, fur thar ears are as sharp as yer nose, and once I got a bullet through my arms, 'cause a feller with me spoke one word in a whisper, when we war twenty yards off from the red-skins."

"That feller must have been a fool—a reg'lar greeny!"

"Jes' so—like the Green Ranger, fur instance,

to go up the stream and meet me on t'other side. Do ye understand?"

"Certainly, certainly, the directions are wery plain. How could I help understanding?"

"You musn't furgit that the Scioto runs blamed fast here, and it'll take some work to go up that bend."

"There's the muscle to do it," replied Lamb, as he proudly doubled his fist and held his arm up in the air.

"Wal, come on, then, and travel light, and don't make no noise."

If the Green Ranger's experience in the woods was quite brief, there was still enough of it to teach him that the words of Duke White, although rather roughly uttered, contained a vast deal of truth in them, and self-interest compelled him to heed the warnings that had been repeated in his ear by a man whom even the greenhorn had sense enough to realize was a perfect Prince of Rangers.

Carefully, silently and stealthily they made

suddenly outward for a few inches, and then as suddenly stopped again.

"Loses its headway thundering soon," muttered the greenhorn, as he dipped the paddle again. "Now we're off—no we ain't either."

Hard as he worked, the light boat refused to move another inch. He toiled and labored until he was compelled to pause to gain breath.

"It must be that I row backward as fast as I do forward," he concluded, as he saw that he had made no substantial progress. "There must be some trick about it that I hain't learned. I'll see if I can't shove it loose."

Carefully rising to his feet, he placed the other end of the paddle against the bank, and threw his whole weight against it; but, owing to the darkness, he was not able to see that the shore end was fast, and it unexpectedly slipped loose with such suddenness that the Green Ranger went headlong into the water.

"Agh—oogh—agh!" he gasped, as he struggled to the surface, and hastily scrambled into the boat again, "that beats the Old Harry. I think I'll try the paddle ag'in, seein' as Duke will expect big things of me."

He paddled with diligence—paddled furiously and desperately, but the canoe scarcely stirred. He thought that perhaps it was fast upon the ground, and rocked from side to side; but it moved easily and freely.

"Jews and Gentiles! but that 'ere Duke White will get tired waiting for me," he muttered. "I noticed, when he stepped out, he was wery busy about the stern of the boat. I wonder what he was doing?"

'Lije now made a careful examination, and discovered the trick that the ranger had played upon him. With a small cord that lay in the latter part of the boat, he had quietly fastened it to a projecting root upon the shore, and the efforts of the present occupant were not equal to the task of breaking it.

"That's a purty piece of business for a man to be engaged in—wery purty indeed!" he exclaimed in disgust, as he cut the cord, and began working his way upstream. "I'll give him a piece of my mind when I see him!"

But the Green Ranger had more yet to pass through before he was to meet his old friend.

CHAPTER II. FEE WIT.

ELIJAH LAMB was not long in discovering that he had undertaken a most difficult task. Had he been going down-stream, he was certain that it would have been an easy matter to manage the cockle-shell; but it was altogether a different matter when he undertook to stem the current. With a desperate sweep of the paddle he was able to drive the boat forward for some distance, but, before he could lift and replace the oar, the current carried it back again, and thus, instead of gaining, he was actually losing ground.

This continued several minutes, when he made the discovery that nothing was to be accomplished in that manner, and he paused for breath.

"Can't get along that way, I'll be hanged if I can. I've got to get out and tow the boat, or else—"

The next instant he had wheeled about so that he faced down the current.

"I s'pose this blamed creek, or river, or whatever they call it, goes clear around the land where Duke is; maybe it's a little further down, but, as I can't go any other way, I'll take that."

Ah! how easy going with the current! With the additional impulse thus given to the canoe, it sped swiftly downward, and Lamb secretly wished that the ranger might catch a glimpse of him, as he shot along with such celerity. He could not but admire his skill in the handling of an Indian canoe.

Floating with the current! How easy physically and morally, and how inevitable the consequences in every case!

'Lije had gone but a short distance, when he made the discovery that he was going in the



"OH, LORDY, MISTER BEAR, THERE AIN'T ROOM FOR BOTH OF US!"

and ef we should shake you and him up in a bag, thar's no tellin' which of ye would drop out first."

"See here, Duke," said 'Lije, beginning to bristle up; "I always thought a good deal of you, but I won't stand such infernal talk as that. I'm as much a born scout as yourself—so no more of your greenhornin' me!"

"Yah! Set down to it then," grinned the ranger. "Ye're in my power, Mister Sheep—Lamb, I mean—and ef ye don't obey orders, I'll make ye; I'll leave ye hyar in the woods, git the gal from the Wyandots, and marry her myself. So, mind yerself!"

As 'Lije couldn't do justice to his feelings, he merely looked unutterable things and said nothing.

"Now, as I observed, we're clus onto the varmints; I think they're down thar in that holler."

"That's jist what I think, too—of course I do!"

"Then it's wery likely they ain't thar. Howsumever, we've got to I'arn ef they be, afore night."

"Wery sensible idea, seein' that it's our business to do jes' so."

"Wagh! Ye'll do fur a cucumber! Can ye paddle a canoe?"

"Paddle a canoe!" repeated 'Lije, in amazement. "You orter see me! Thar ain't a man this side of the Alleghanies that can keep up with me. I can send oneskimmin' like a bull-frog over the water."

"Glad to hear that, ef I can only believe it. Wal, thar's a canoe of mine layin' at the bottom of this hill. We'll cross to t'other side in it, and then, while I go 'cross this bit of land, ye're

their way through the wood and undergrowth, until they stood on the bank of the swiftly-flowing Scioto; but Lamb saw nothing of the canoe.

"I guess the Indians have got it."

"I'll soon see," returned the ranger, running cautiously up the bank. He had gone but a short distance when he drew out a small birchen structure, just large enough to seat two persons comfortably.

"Thar's the ticket," remarked Duke, not a little pleased at his success. "It ain't fur from six months ago that I pulled that 'ere thing under the bushes, and thar it has staid ever since. In with ye."

The Green Ranger took his seat very carefully in the boat, for he remembered once attempting and utterly failing to perform the feat before. With the assistance of the scout he seated himself without difficulty, and then a few powerful sweeps of the paddle sent the light boat across the Scioto, which at this place was only a few yards wide.

When the other shore was reached, twilight was already settling over the woods and river.

The ranger sprang hastily out, and said:

"Paddle up the river till ye come to the uprooted oak that lays on this side of the stream; thar wait fur me, and be powerful keerful."

The words were scarcely spoken when Duke White had vanished, and 'Lije dipped his paddle into the water.

"I never rowed one of these machines in my life, but I warn't such a blamed fool as to let him know it. I jist laid low and watched how he done it, and anybody that can't do it is a fool."

Carefully he thrust the long ashen blade in the water, and rowed. The light canoe darted

wrong direction, and that every minute was carrying him further away from the rendezvous, where he had agreed to meet Duke White.

"Blast their canoes!" he muttered, "I don't believe he knows how to handle one of 'em. Jewhilkins! but they're nice to float downstream with!"

But time was too precious to be squandered in this manner, and he concluded to go in to shore, and leaving the canoe to take care of itself, take it aloft to the rendezvous.

By this time night had fairly settled upon the wood and river; there was no moon, and only a faint starlight, so that a man's eyes were of little use, except for objects immediately surrounding him.

Thus it came to pass that the greenhorn, as he headed toward shore, and laboriously worked his way in to land, saw nothing of a dark object that was floating parallel to his course, and that seemed to be taking particular notice of him.

"The man that made the blamed thing don't know nothing about canoes!" he soliloquized, as he found he was gradually approaching the land, with a prospect of soon being on shore, should no accident occur to prevent. "The right way to make a canoe is to git it up like a scow, then it ain't apt to upset so thunderin' easy, if it has a good broad square bottom—Je—Je—Je—" but the word died on his lips, as, turning his gaze, "Life saw the head and shoulders of an immense bear, in the very act, or rather attempt, of climbing into the canoe!"

"Oh, Lordy, Mister Bear!" he exclaimed, "there ain't room for both of us, and you can have the whole boat, if you wish it—certainly you can, sir!"

With which the Green Ranger made a desperate leap toward shore, which, being but a short distance away, he managed to reach. He did not turn to see what the bear was doing, but "made tracks" into the woods, as if a thousand Wyandots were after him.

It is uncertain what the brute contemplated, as "Life saw nothing more of him, and did not go back to ascertain the true situation.

As soon as he felt safe from the furious brute, he took time to think as to what he should do. That he had got to do something was evident.

He had penetrated so far into the Indian country that, conceited as he unquestionably was, the Green Ranger had grave doubts of his ability to extricate himself, without the assistance of the shrewd, sagacious Duke White, who seemed more at home in the woods, in the very heart of the most dangerous territory, than he did among the settlements.

The only way he saw, by which it was possible to rejoin him, was by making his way to the rendezvous appointed; for, from the distance he had gone in the canoe, he had cut off all chance of the ranger tracking him, even with the assistance of broad daylight.

But how to reach that point was the all-important question.

He thought calmly, and came to the conclusion that the rendezvous was something like a half-mile distant, and, as near as he could determine, was directly before him.

So the proper course of action for him was to tramp straight onward, taking care not to turn to the right or left.

"The deuce take such a country as this!" he muttered, as he struck his foot against a root, and fell headlong to the earth; "you can't stick your nose anywhere but what you run it into trouble; but it will convince Miss Lizzie Rushton how much I love her, when I catch her at last."

For the third time Lamb thought he heard a footstep behind him. He paused and listened, but all was still; then he moved on, and he heard the rustling of the leaves again.

It was enough to frighten any one; and he felt the cold chills creep over him at the consciousness of this unknown danger so near at hand. He peered intently backward in the deep gloom, and he saw horrible phantoms, contorting and twisting themselves in the air and dancing about him in exultation at his being in their power.

But Elijah knew that these terrible shadows were but the creatures of his fancy, while through them all was something substantial—some real threatening peril.

"I wonder if it's that blamed old bear," he muttered, as he moved on again. "I gave him the whole canoe, and if that don't satisfy him, he ain't a bear, but a hog."

But, as the frightened fellow moved along, he gradually became certain of a still more alarming fact. It was not an animal, but a man who was thus dogging his footsteps.

"And who in thunder is he?" asked Elijah, as his suspicion resolved itself into certainty. "I ain't acquainted with anybody that lives around here, and he needn't think I want to see him."

He became satisfied it was a man, from the peculiar sound of his tread, as the shuffling, doubling walk of an animal, especially upon the dry autumn leaves, is easily distinguishable from that of a man traveling over the same ground.

"Confound him!" exclaimed Lamb, for the dozenth time, "if I only knewed jist where he was standing, I'd fire into him. What does he want of me? I say, hello, there!"

The summons was a ghastly outcry, but it received no response.

"Hello, there, what do you want?"

Nothing but the mournful sighing of the night-wind overhead caught his listening ear.

"Why don't you speak?" he demanded, more impatiently than before. "If you don't open your mouth, I'll let drive at you. I see you standing there, grinning at me, and I'll fire right into your mouth."

This was a fearful threat, but it produced no more response than the preceding one.

"Come on, I dare you!" called the Green Ranger, growing bolder as he imagined he inspired greater terror. "You are nothing but a coward! you are afraid to— Je—Je—Je—"

Horror of horrors! he heard the unknown creature stealing toward him!

This was more than he could stand; he had expected nothing of the kind. So he turned and ran.

But, swift as he sped, his pursuer went still swifter. He had gone scarcely a dozen rods, when he became certain that it was following, and rapidly gaining upon him.

So furious were his efforts, that he soon was compelled to pause, so exhausted that he could not raise his gun to defend himself; consequently he could do nothing but beg for his life.

"Oh, good Mr. Indian, please don't hurt me! I'm real glad to see you! I do love you, and I'm a brave of yer own tribe—a big—"

"Big fool!"

It was a fine, peculiarly squeaking voice, and the greenhorn recognized it the instant it struck his ear.

"That's you, Pee Witt, is it?" he asked, in a ghastly-joyous voice; "don't be offended if I tried to skear you a little. You see, a feller has got to be mighty keeful at such times. I knowed it was you the minute I set eyes on you, but I played off, 'cause I wanted to give you a little instruction in Indian ways, jes' as I instructed Duke White, ye see!"

"Dere, dere, talk too much," said his new companion.

Pee Witt was the name given to one of the most peculiar Wyandot Indians that ever lived. He was about five feet in height, and had the appearance of having once been a giant, who, from some unknown cause, had shrunk away to his present diminutive size. His face was wrinkled like a woman of eighty, although it is certain that he was scarcely half that age, his voice was like a cunuch's, and his shriveled look generally was such that Lew Whetzel once called him Pee Witt, and he bore the name ever afterward.

Unquestionably a Wyandot, he had some ways that were unlike those of an Indian. He spoke English quite well, and had quite a proclivity for joking, so that he had no little reputation as a wag.

He was a devoted friend to the settlers, as fleet as a deer, brave, cunning, crafty, and the personification of keenness itself. He was a valuable friend and a dangerous enemy; one who had done the settlements good service, and who was intensely hated by his own people therefor.

Such was the phantom pursuer, and the present companion of the Green Ranger.

CHAPTER III. THE SHAWANOE GUIDE.

WHILE the Yankee was undergoing all these tribulations, Duke White was doomed to an experience scarcely less eventful.

It was so dark when he crossed the Scioto, in the shadow of the dense forest, that only now and then could he detect the broad trail left by the Wyandots, who had taken their flight in a most leisurely manner; but such "sign" as he was able to detect now and then, satisfied him that he was close upon the savages, and liable every moment to a collision with them.

When he moved away from the canoe, he purposely fastened it to the shore, and he would have remained to witness the discomfiture of Lamb, had it not been his purpose to take advantage of the delay, and get through the most dangerous part of the reconnaissance so as not to be bothered by his blundering companion.

He had penetrated a hundred yards or so into the peninsula spoken of, and was no longer searching for the trail, when he paused, and quietly sniffed the air.

His olfactory had detected "sign;" for a faint, peculiar smell in the air told him that a camp-fire was burning somewhere near at hand, although his most minute search had failed to detect the ascending smoke, as he made his observation from the top of the hill on the other side of the river.

Satisfied now that but a very short distance separated him from the savages, for whom he was searching, he advanced with his characteristic caution, carefully looking to the right and left, on his guard against the most stealthy trick of his adversaries.

But, as fate would have it, the ranger had not moved a rod, when he became aware that he was discovered by one person at least. The stealthy serpent-like tread told him that an Indian was stealing up behind him.

Duke White was not the man to follow the example of Elijah Lamb, when caught in somewhat similar circumstances. The instant he became aware of the alarming truth, he paused and began a *détour*, so as to come in the rear of his foe, and thus turn the tables upon him.

His wonderful skill in wood-craft enabled the hunter to successfully accomplish this; and while the red-skin was peering and listening for his adversary, the latter was almost within striking distance.

It was at this juncture that Duke White made an additional discovery that changed his plans entirely. He had stolen up so near the unsuspecting savage, that his hand was already resting on his knife-handle for the purpose of plunging it into him, when the red-skin moved through a small opening in the wood, where the faint starlight fell upon him, and gave him a much better view of his adversary than any he had yet had.

And the very instant the scout made this scrutiny, he saw that he was dogging not a Wyandot Indian, but one belonging to the Shawanoe tribe, and one evidently a stranger to the party so near at hand.

When it is recalled that although the Wyandots and Shawanoes had been allies from time immemorial, so long as they were brought in contact with each other during the settlement of the West, yet on more than one occasion they were involved in bitter feuds, and many a deadly conflict took place between the representatives of their respective tribes; and when it is remembered still further that at this precise time, there was a vindictive dispute between them, it will be understood why Duke paused, uncertain whether he was brought in contact with a friend or foe.

He saw that both were engaged in the same work, that of reconnoitering the position of an enemy; but it had somewhat the appearance of

a "triangular" fight, in which each of the three was against each of the others.

The ranger hesitated a moment as to the proper course to pursue; but his experience of scouting and frontier life told him that the circumstances were such that it was next to impossible to avoid discovery, and that it might be possible for him to turn his foe to his own account.

The Shawanoe was standing motionless, evidently listening for some indication of the presence of the white man, when the latter gave a low, peculiar hissing sound, such as Indians sometimes use to attract attention.

As quick as lightning the red-skin wheeled about and found himself face to face with the hunter!

For one moment both stood motionless, the savage evidently hesitating what to do, and yet prepared for any thing, whether attack or defense. It is not to be supposed that he was expecting any thing beyond a desperate encounter, and he was therefore the more surprised to see the friendly demonstration now made by the ranger.

Duke White spoke Shawanoe like a native, and the instant he could make sure the Indian's eyes were upon him, he addressed him in his own tongue.

"What seeks my brother?"

"The coward Wyandot," was the instant reply.

"So does the Shawanoe's pale-faced brother," was the cordial response of the ranger, as he advanced, and offered his hand.

The red-skin accepted it rather reluctantly, and did not return the warm grasp with which he was himself greeted; but he seemed to grow more friendly with each passing moment.

Standing motionless for a few seconds, he seemed to glow with brotherly affection, and said, in the guttural voice of his people:

"The Shawanoe rejoices to meet his pale-face warrior; they will be brothers, and hunt the Wyandots together."

"My idea exactly."

This was a most singular condition of affairs. Two desperate enemies, of different races, had come together, and made common cause against the same foe.

But what was to be the result of this curious copartnership? when was it to end, and in what manner was its "business" to be conducted?

These were the questions which Duke White had asked more than once, and which he was unable to answer with any degree of satisfaction to himself. His purpose in venturing upon this peninsula, it will be remembered, was merely to reconnoiter the position of the Wyandots. If, as he suspected, he should discover that Lizzie Rushton was really upon the peninsula and in the power of a party of Indians, he was then to determine upon some scheme or stratagem by which to recover her from them, and in doing this he wanted the presence of no red-skin, even though not an avowed enemy.

But they had been brought together rather curiously, and it was too late to withdraw from the companionship, which apparently was of his own seeking. So he resolved to go ahead.

"Has my brother seen the camp-fire of the Wyandots?" asked Duke, when each had held silence for a few moments.

"It is off here," replied the Shawanoe, pointing toward the west. "It is here in a deep valley, where they think the eye of the Shawanoe can not see them; but the glance of the Shawanoe is sharper than the eagle's."

"Has my brother seen their camp?"

"Only the smoke, when I was far away."

"It beats thunder!" growled Duke. "If he could see it, why couldn't I? I looked sharp enough."

"Does my brother seek the scalps of the Wyandots?" asked the Shawanoe.

"He does," was the fierce reply; "the scalps of their warriors shall hang in the lodge of the white hunter! their squaws shall mourn for the braves who come not!"

This bombast was very characteristic of the Indian nature, and pleased the Shawanoe hugely. He evidently looked upon his companion as a brave and mighty warrior.

But time was precious; nothing was to be accomplished by such a game of "brag" as this, and Duke signified that he was about to complete the reconnaissance upon which he had started.

The Shawanoe remarked:

"Let my brother lead, and I will follow."

"You're a shrewd fellow, and you've the start of me," thought the scout, although he did not speak it.

It had been his intention to make this proposal to the red-skin, and he would have done so, had not the latter anticipated him. He suspected the savage of treachery, but it would never do to show it. He had no choice but to accept his proposal unconditionally.

So without the least hesitation, the ranger said:

"The Shawanoe is brave; he should lead his white brother."

At the same time he took his place in advance, and began moving stealthily forward in the direction of the camp-fire.

It was a curious proceeding, this reconnoissance of the two scouts. Each was suspicious of the other, and fearful of some sudden coup by which a fatal advantage would be gained.

Duke White believed that underneath the protestations of friendship was the wish of the Shawanoe to bury his tomahawk in his brain, and, as for himself, he knew that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to sink his hunting-knife in the breast of the red-skin.

And yet each had put on the semblance of friend, and was now attempting to carry out the deception. How long before it would break?

As the woodman stole carefully along, watching for the enemy in front, he had the more dangerous enemy to guard against in the rear; therefore, while he listened and peered through the gloom for some sign of the camp-fire, every faculty was on the alert to forestall any treachery of the Shawanoe.

It was exceedingly trying to one's nerves, but Duke pressed ahead. All was pitchy dark

in front of him, and almost the same behind. What more easy than for the red-skin stealthily to draw his tomahawk, and silently hurl it at him?

Thus it will be seen that the situation of the ranger was critical in the highest degree.

Only one thing gave the white man any thing like confidence in his safety, and that was the belief in his own consummate woodcraft. He was quite certain that he could detect any such movement, no matter how cautiously it might be made.

A hundred feet or so were passed, when Duke reached a small clearing, free from shadow, and where the faint star-beams afforded a dim light. Hastily crossing this, he looked back at his companion following close behind.

As he did so, he saw the Shawanoe in the very act of raising his tomahawk over his head, with the purpose of hurling it at him!

(To be continued.)

The Ebon Mask: OR, THE MYSTERIOUS GUARDIAN.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.
AUTHOR OF THE "SCARLET CRESCENT," "INJURED WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III. A ROGUES' COUNCIL.

"AND you consider this new fellow, Ricovi, trusty in every way, and sure never to turn traitor?"

"I do most certainly repose confidence in him."

The friends, Zarate and De Leon, sat alone in the room overlooking the bay; the same apartment from which, a few mornings since, the colonel had watched and waited the arrival of his messenger Pepe. The habitual cigar was between the lips of either one, and both lay comfortably back in their chairs, watching the tiny smoke-wreaths, as they circled up and away. Although the block-house was Colonel Zarate's legitimate abode, nevertheless, an untenanted cottage facing the bay suited him better; and it was here that many hours were lazily spent when not engaged with his duties at the post.

In undress uniform the officers sat; each thinking, most probably, of the same thing.

"Yes, Antonio," said De Leon, again, after a somewhat lengthy pause—"yes, I would allow Ricovi to act as spy were I as sure of his worthiness as you say you are. He is cunning, crafty, and faithful. What more do you want?"

"True; no more. I am only suspicious of Ricovi, because I have been disappointed in Pinto. It is hardly doing the former justice, I admit, to doubt his ability; but this treason in Pepe was so unexpected. I actually detected him in his baseness; I was at the cottage of the beautiful Helene when I heard his voice, and found him about to convey a billet to the hunter from his lady-love. Since then, I have learned that, for some time, when on errands for me, to discover Julian's hiding-place, he has served my lady by invariably carrying messages and what-not between them."

"So! I do not wonder you are suspicious. Anyhow, you can be revenged on Pepe; is he not a deserter, and, as one, liable to death if caught?"

"Yes, if caught; but I don't apprehend that. Before now, he has doubtless joined the hunter, and both will elude all vigilant search, I fear."

"True; for this St. John appears very retired in his habits."

"Therefore, I shall immediately send Ricovi out and try what can be done. I shall have Pinto arrested as a deserter, and, if caught, the hunter Julian can be taken and brought here under the pretext of aiding in the escape of a deserter from the Spanish arms. How's that?"

"Capital. What more?"

"I shall see Ricovi now, and give him his directions; this very night sees him on his way. Here, De Leon, a glass of sparkling wine to our success; the overthrow of the rival, and the speedy possession of the jewel, the Señorita Helene Valencia."

The brimming goblets were drained.

"And is this lady really so beautiful, Antonio? You know I have been here but a few months, and never yet have I been so fortunate as to catch a glimpse of her."

"Beautiful? That doesn't begin to express half her charms. I wish I could describe her; such hair and eyes— But, by my soul, that's she now! Do you see, coming down there by the magnolias? There, De Leon, what say you? Does 'beautiful' express it?"

De Leon's eyes were fixed with startling earnestness upon the unconscious passer-by.

"Dios de mi alma! Antonio, if I couldn't swear it were another!"

"Who? You mean, I suppose, that Spanish beauty there in Madrid?"

"The same, man! You sit there very coolly, however, while I am perfectly thunderstruck. I say, Antonio, the resemblance is positively fearful."

"Nonsense, fellow; just remember that Isabella and this lovely Helene are both natives of the same soil; and besides, there is always a great similarity between Spain's daughters."

"But this is unusual; of course you have noticed it before, haven't you? By the way, Zarate, how did you succeed with her?"

"With Isabella, you mean? Oh, married her, of course; a month of love and paradise, and that's the last I ever heard of her. I expect she is the wife of some Don or other, for her face might make her fortune—or break it, for that matter."

"So you were really married, eh? And the ceremony was valid?"

"To be sure; Isabella was too sharp to allow a strange priest to unite us, and so Father Joaquin performed the rite."

"I should think you would have been afraid to desert her as you did; besides, she would have proved a good wife, I think."

"Yes, so-so," drawled the commandant, relighting his cigar. "But, about that time, I left Madrid, and, for seven years, wandered here and there; then I joined the army and was stationed at Gibraltar nearly five years, when I was ordered to take command of a number of emigrants to Florida. So you see, even if I had feared la Señora Isabella's vengeance, I was quite secure, moving from place to place, as I did."

"Has this new lady-love of yours been in the place long?"

"Only since the last arrival of settlers—not more than a year, I think. But, De Leon, the day is passing rapidly on, and you know I must see Ricoviere noon, so he may start at once. Send him to me immediately."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MEETING IN THE GLADE.

It was at the midnight hour, and the lovely night hung warm and pleasant. The full moon shone brightly down among the gloomy cypresses, and cast but a faintly traceable shadow upon the greensward below. Stretched upon the soft earth was the figure of a man, of proportions at once firm and graceful. He was clad in a hunting-frock of dressed skin; his feet were covered with moccasins, and breeches of deer-skin enveloped his limbs. A rude cap, most probably manufactured by himself, lay under his head, and his hand grasped the ready rifle, while a bright-gleaming knife lay across his thighs.

The face could be but dimly seen in the flickering moonlight, but the open, manly expression was plainly visible, and one would imagine the other features were not wanting in comeliness.

A step, so light as scarcely to be heard, fell upon the stillness of the night-air. The sleeper started to his feet; the slumber thus easily broken proving him accustomed to be ever on the alert, possibly ever in danger.

Another figure approached, and cautiously entered the gloomy dell.

"Ah, Pepe, it is you? I feared it was a stranger—probably a spy. When will the time come that I can lie down and repose in safety and quiet, and without my rifle for a companion and pistols for my pillow?"

"When you substitute a bunch of feathers for the last, and the lovely Helene for the first, friend Julian, and I fear not much sooner. But I have news."

"You have? What?"

"Colonel Zarate has another spy upon us—ostensibly to arrest me, the deserter, but really to take you; and you know death will be our lot if captured—mine, for desertion; yours, for aiding in my escape."

"Another spy, eh? Who is he, and how did you learn it?"

One of the friends I have in the town told me he heard the commandant giving directions to a fellow from the block-house. He is not a soldier, but a sort of servant; his name is Ricovi."

"Not that man, surely! Why, Pepe, you know him!"

"Well—and to be the worst rogue living!"

"How can that be, when the colonel declares I am?"

A merry smile lighted the hunter's face for a moment.

"True; but the opinion of one does not make it so."

"Ricovi!" repeated Julian, musingly; and, as if he associated unpleasant recollections with the name, he grasped his rifle tightly.

"But, Julian, I must return to the cottage, and get back before dawn; so if you desire word sent, tell me now, and let me be off."

A hurried message and a note were given to Pinto.

"Await the reply, and meet me in the ruins before sunrise."

Pepe departed with cautious tread, leaving Julian to snatch his light slumbers or pursue his way as he deemed best.

Swiftly but silently the deserter hastened on, keeping out of the brilliant moonlight, and carefully avoiding the open spaces. Two hours' walking brought him to the cottage; a few moments served to awaken the inmates and secure the requisite reply from Helene, and he immediately took his way back toward the appointed place of rendezvous.

He had retraced his steps nearly a mile, and was passing through a deep, dark cypress-glade, when a sound, as of an animal breaking its way through the underbrush, attracted his attention. Nearer it came, and louder grew the breaking of branches. Filled with apprehension, Pepe grasped his knife and looked to the priming of his rifle.

"It may be an animal; I think it is. No pursuer would walk as carelessly and noisily as that when searching for me. But, if it is a pursuer, if it should be Ricovi, his life or mine! Either my heart's blood or his shall be spilt ere Pepe Pinto is a prisoner!"

Suddenly the crackling sound ceased, and a deathlike silence reigned in the cypress dell. All was dim and dark, and Pinto's figure was scarcely visible in the midnight, but from the low, quick breathing one could tell of his eagerness and watchfulness.

Exactly opposite him, and not ten yards away, a dusky face peered through the natural thicket. In the darkness, the bright eyes could not perceive the fugitive soldier standing so determinedly erect, but Pepe saw the gleam of those eyes, and, imagining them those of an animal, uttered a sigh of relief. The face was instantly withdrawn, for quick ears had heard the sound, which verified a former supposition.

"Hey! I thought he in dar; sure now. Guess 'im don't know 'Covey so close by. Poor comp'ny better'n none, any way!"

The face and form were those of the spy, Ricovi, sent a short time before on his errand of blood and villainess. Gold was to be his reward, if successful, and a handful of the coin glittered in his belt, "just to feed his appetite," as Zarate had said when he handed it to him, with the promise of more when his task was successfully accomplished; and no more if otherwise. Consequently, in Ricovi he found a ready and willing tool—one who, if necessary,

would steep his hands in blood for "gold, gold," or commit any crime to satisfy his avaricious thirst. Such a man—no, such a fiend—lay motionless and quiet upon the ground just outside the glade. His mind was intent upon securing the man inside; that was his errand, and he must accomplish it.

"Good for 'Covey! Catch 'im quick, too! Guess don't know spy at his heels. Hey, Mr. Julian, you're trapped."

Silently as a specter he arose, and glided around to the spot where Pinto stood, still gazing at the place where the beaming eyeballs had peered through. Suddenly a weight, heavy and ponderous, felled him to the ground, and a wild yell rung in his ear.

"Hi-i, ole feller! Wonder who's got 'im now? Guess 'Covey kin ketch hunter, too, what help d'sert'r run away!"

Pepe made a desperate effort to free himself from the awkward position in which he lay. His face was toward the ground, and the huge, sharp knee of Ricovi pressed heavily upon his back.

"Let go, you accursed rascal! Up, or I'll blow your brains out!"

"Will, eh? Let's see ye! Here's yer gun where I knocked him, and thar's yer knife where you frowed him. Hi-i! I got ye. Now I'm goin' to tote ye up to Pensacola."

"I am not Julian, the hunter; so you had better let me go at once."

"Don't fool this one, can tell ye! Think 'Covey so simple as b'lieve that?"

"No, you are far from being simple, and I commend you for your sharpness. But, truly, I am not the hunter you seek; I am a traveler through here, bound to the next village; but I know where this hunter is, for he crossed my path not an hour ago."

The politely-sincere—or apparently-sincere—speech of Pepe was not without its effect upon Ricovi. Doubt entered his mind, and he really wondered if this was true. "Pinto could easily have proven his words, that he was not the hunter, as the reader knows; but, to have exposed his face would have been to sign his own death-warrant. For, though Ricovi might not have recognized Pepe's voice, still his face was familiar."

Pepe thought a moment.

"I have some gold. You may take it all if you will let me up. I am not he whom you seek; see, these hands are dark and toil-worn, and you know the hunter is fair to look upon. Besides, suppose I were your enemy, see you not how powerless I am—all unarmed?"

He felt the heavy knee slightly raised.

"Gi' me gold now?"

"Yes; see here in this bag the bright pieces. Take them and let me hasten on."

The wily spy removed his weight, and Pepe sprang up, with only the rude grasp of the arm to remind him he was still a prisoner, until the lucres exchanged owners.

The money was Ricovi's, and Pepe was free. He darted for his trusty rifle, which lay already loaded on the earth, whither it had been thrown as Ricovi flung himself upon him unawares.

Still doubting the spy's honor, Pepe kept one eye upon him as he bent to secure his rifle; and well for him that he did; for the treacherous rogue intended no such good luck to Pinto as escape. So the moment his face was averted, he sprang toward him, but not in time; for Pepe saw his maneuver, and turning suddenly, the blow which was intended for the back of Pinto's head, fell wide of its mark, and Ricovi pitched sprawling on the ground. Quick as a dart, the deserter's knee was planted on his breast.

"Villain, now who is in your power? Fool, dolt, to think to outwit Pepe Pinto! Yes, stare and gaze; it is I, the deserter! Now, go to your master, the noble, the gallant commandant, and tell him of this. Go, for I scorn to take the worthless life from one who could contemplate the cowardly deed you did!"

He had disarmed the spy, who sprang up, and, ere Pinto could give him the parting salute he intended—a sound kick—was out of the glade, and crushing through the underbrush in the direction of Pensacola.

Pepe stood a moment. Light was just dawning in the east, and warned him to pursue his way, ere seen by those who might not prove too friendly.

Gathering up his gun and knife, he rapidly pursued an exactly opposite course to that the spy had taken, resolved to keep his appointment at the ruins, whither Julian had gone!

CHAPTER V.

THE CHIEF'S PROMISE.

A SOLITARY light burned dimly in an upper room, and gleaming out in the darkness, rendered the black night doubly gloomy.

Without, the murky clouds went scudding across the sky, and the waves of the usually placid bay came beating and dashing, flecked with angry foam, against the hard foundation of the block-house.

It was Antonio Zarate sitting in the upper room, where the faint candle-gleams vainly tried to throw a satisfactory glow upon the note he was reading, probably for the fortieth time. Near him sat a rough, villainously-visaged man, his elf-locks hanging wildly over his face. By the uncertain glare, Ricovi looked more the fiend than man.

"And you found this note on Pinto's person after you knocked him senseless?"

"Yes; we fit some time 'fore he caved; then, when he keeled over, I jist s'arched his person, and cum acrost thet thar. Preshus poor pickin's, too!"

"There were no valuables or money?"

"Nary an onza!" chuckled the liar, while his hands rested in his pocket on the well-filled pouch.

Again Zarate perused the note, now torn and soiled. It was very brief.

"My JULIAN—(so it ran)—Pepe waits while I reply; I can not commit my thoughts to paper here, but meet me on Tuesday night at the orange bower, just before midnight. Then I will tell you all. Till then, my own noble Julian, farewell, and may good angels guard you."

H. V.

The habitual scowl on Zarate's face was replaced by an eager, satisfied expression, as he read the lines, and an inward chuckle denoted his delight. He arose and looked out of the window.

"The night is dark, but good for our purpose. Bring the horses to the door immediately, and we will be off. Remember, not a syllable of this, or—" and he touched the hilt of his sword.

A few seconds and the commandant and Ricovi were riding fast and furious from the sleeping village, plunging through the gloomy forests, or speeding along the open highways. One hour's ride brought them to their destination, and they dismounted, tying their beasts securely to a stout sapling.

It was a wild plain, deep in the apparently inaccessible center of a wood, and the storm-laden wind, as it whistled shrilly through the shivering tree-tops, rendered the gloom trebly dismal.

Before them stood a small Indian lodge, the rays from a brightly-glowing fire gleaming into the dark night from between the irregular interstices of skins which served as door. The strong perfume of the inmate's pipe came unpleasantly out, and while the fastidious Zarate could not repress a sniff of disgust at the rather too odoriferous scent, Ricovi shrugged his gaunt shoulders and smiled, if a contortion of such distorted features could be called such.

"Very good; he is in good 'umor when he smokes that pipe."

Another moment and the two were within the lodge, and the bear-skin fell between them and the gloomy night.

Squatted before the fire, on a soft mat, his imperturbable countenance gazing stolidly in its bright embers, was the Indian.

Once high in authority among his tribe, Tullona was once loved, revered and honored. In the discussion around the council-fire, the first voice was his; in the treaty-smoke, Tullona's lips first touched the pipe. But, he had fallen from his high position, and now was an outcast from his kindred, a solitary wanderer, making his home now in the wilds of the woods, now in some hidden cave; lost to honor and right, Tullona was a fit tool for any evil.

Among his dusky warrior brethren, he was an object of disgust, contempt and dislike; and in his turn he hated with all the fury of an Indian hatred, the whole tribe.

When the two men, Zarate and Ricovi, entered his tent, Tullona gave no indication of his knowledge of their presence; and, not till Ricovi addressed him, did he turn his piercing eyes from the fire to his visitors.

"Chieftain," said Ricovi, for he knew it would flatter his vanity to address him thus, "Chieftain, the great soldier of Pensacola is here and wants to say sum'thin' to ye. Will the Injun listen?"

This ludicrous intermingling of bad English, with an attempt at the beautiful Indian language, had no effect upon Tullona other than to cause his eyes to search the colonel's face.

He looked inquiringly at the officer.

"Tullona, we came to-night on business of great importance; a mission is to be accomplished that none but a brave warrior can successfully perform; and that is why we seek the Indian chief, knowing his heart is strong and his arm unflinching."

He paused to note the effect of this flattery. A low "Ugh" issued from Tullona's lips.

"Besides, the man who goes on this mission must have close lips and a silent tongue; the chieftain understands: will he undertake the task? Gold will be the reward, and a huge skin of fire-water: much tobacco, too."

Tullona's eyes glistened as he spoke.

"Gold, rum, tobacco?"

"Yes, all these to the Indian if he consents."

"And does the soldier want Tullona's hands to be dyed in red blood before he can get these things?"

"Oh, no—no, indeed. There is no murder, although the warrior chief is brave enough; but you will need no arrow or gun."

The Indian gazed curiously.

In brief words Zarate explained the nature of the mission; told him of the girl he loved, and of the meeting in the orange thicket; instructed him what he should do and where to take her.

Tullona consented.

"But the soldier says the forest-maiden has a lover; who is he, that I may strike him from my path?"

"The pale-faced hunter is Julian St. John, the American."

Like a sudden flash of midsummer lightning breaking from a black, heavy cloud, gleamed a fierce, desperate expression upon the stolid features of the fallen brave. His savage ire was aroused, and he grasped the handle of his long, murderous knife.

"Julian, eh? Him strong friend to Indians; Tullona hates his brethren, but Julian is their friend. The white hunter is a great brother to Minoni. The Indian would murder Minoni, and his friend, the hunter, too!"

"Then Tullona will come to the village when the sun goes down again, and Ricovi will accompany him to the spot."

Consenting willingly, and the bargain closed, the two midnight visitors had no further business, so they left the deer-skin lodge, and plunged on as best they might through the dark night.

They had ridden but a little distance when Zarate suddenly drew up his horse.

"Hist, Ricovi; something or some one is surely following us; I distinctly hear footsteps. Listen."

For a moment both strained their ears and eyes to no purpose. In the midnight blackness not an object was visible, and only the moaning of the wind disturbed the silence.

"Noting there, anyhow," was Ricovi's consolatory reply.

A half-hour's brisk riding brought them to the edge of the wood, where, putting the spur to their horses, they dashed into the open road.

As they left the dense growth of thicket behind them, Zarate glanced back. The first faint gleam of gray dawn sufficed to show a figure,

silently standing on the extreme edge of the forest; it was a woman's form, and clad in somber black. For a moment it stood peering toward the horsemen; then raising a long, black-draped arm, pointed backward in the direction they had come; then, as if by magic, disappeared.

Twenty minutes after, the colonel and his attendant fiend dismounted at the gates of the block-house.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LOST MISSIVE.

It wanted yet but two hours of sunrise; the storm had spent itself, and the coming day, already faintly glimmering in a cold, gray east, gave promise of bright sunshine.

Away from the village of Pensacola, not more than a mile, stood the ruins of what was once a guard-house. The spot was a wild one, and the remains of the building were hidden from the main road by a thick growth of trees and bushes. No one, in passing by, would have dreamed of its existence.

It was here, in anxious impatience, that Julian St. John, the noted hunter, awaited the coming of Pepe Pinto, whom he had left some hours before—Pepe to return to Pensacola and seek Helene; Julian to repair to the ruins, there to await the messenger who was to bring a message from his lady-love. He was pacing rapidly backward and forward, his face betokening his anxiety. In person, the hunter was pleasing. His was an open brow, high, and, despite exposure, white and smooth. Waving hair of mellow brown curled down almost to his neck; and his restless, roving eyes, that could look so tenderly upon the little Spanish maiden, were beautiful in their clear, deep azure tint.

"Oh, this life I lead: so hunted and lonely. What am I that I should bring all this upon myself? Am I a murderer, with my hands imbed in a fellow-mortal's life-blood that I am sought for with such vigilance? Am I a convict, eluding the justice of the law, that I am driven and hunted? No; only a peaceable, quiet citizen; and my crime, my awful sin against the noble authorities of Pensacola is, I am a rival of the colonel; a successful rival; and for loving and being loved am hunted like a felon, and followed up like a robber."

His soliloquy was cut short by the entrance of his messenger. The hunter's eye brightened, and he grasped the youth by the hand.

"Safe; and Helene, Pepe—she is well and sends me a message."

"Yes, well, and sends a love-token. Just wait a moment and you shall have it; it is down here."

He unfastened his belt and took it off. First in one pocket, then in another he searched, but no note made its appearance.

In silence Julian awaited.

"Well, now, where did I put it? I am sure it was in my belt, or else—My God, Julian, 'twas in the wallet along with the gold!"

"What if it was, man? Isn't it just as safe there? But hasten, I am all impatience to read it."

"Julian, Julian, she is lost—lost, and I am the cause! Oh, kill me, shoot me, any thing to punish my foolish carelessness!"

Julian felt a vague terror.

"What is it, man? Pepe, friend, tell me, tell me, who is lost? For the love of Heaven, what is the cause of your grief?"

In words of anguish and remorse, Pepe related the adventure in the cypress-glade, just before the storm came up, as he was returning from the village to rejoin Julian at the ruins; how he bribed the villain by giving him the pouch of gold, forgetting he had placed the note there when he started from the maiden's cottage.

Feverishly Julian listened.

"But, Pepe, supposing Ricovi did carry the note to Zarate, what harm could it do? The colonel knows we are lovers, and it can give no clue to our whereabouts."

"True—true; but I forgot to tell you what was in the note. When the lady Helene handed it to me, she said, 'Read, Pepe.' I glanced over it, and oh, Julian, that loving note will, I fear, be the ruin of the fair girl, unless we can avert it. It appointed a place and hour for an interview; 'Midnight, Tuesday—orange thicket,' and, Julian, just as sure as Colonel Zarate sees that note, just so sure will he be there and abduct her!"

Pinto groaned aloud, while Julian St. John's eyes flashed, and his nostrils quivered in agony and deadly hatred, mingled with fear for his betrothed's safety.

"And what can we do? We must do something, and instantly, too, for this is Tuesday, and to-night, this night, may see her—"

"Pepe," interrupted Julian, his voice strangely tense and low, "Pepe, my friend, my brother, we must save her. We will, even if our lives pay the forfeit. Think, and try to discover some feasible plan."

In silence the two resumed their walk, and the sun rose and mounted high in the heavens ere either spoke; then it was Julian.

"I can conceive no plan, save going boldly to her cottage. I know it will be my death; but what is that to—"

"The Forest-Bird's lover shall not risk his life. What would the maiden do when the white hunter died?"

A voice, musical and low, startled them, and in a second a woman, her long, lustrous hair flowing far below her waist, entered the umbrageous doorway and stood before them.

"Ah, Nina—it was you who spoke just now?"

"Yes, Nina bade the white hunter not risk his life."

"But do you know the lovely forest-maiden's life—ay, her honor, is in jeopardy, and then tell me not risk my poor life?"

"I know the night-hawk is about to pounce down; I know the one with the serpent-smile and the fascinating face seeks to destroy the maiden; but yet I would command that you risk not the life so precious to the beautiful daughter of Spain."

"Nina, I am surprised. I surely thought you loved the Señora Helene better than to—"

"And the hunter—he of the warm heart and stout arm—he that Nina thought had much reason—thinks that no one else can go and tell the maiden?"

"True, good woman; many might be sent; but how can I trust any one for this mission?"

"Nina is the maiden's true friend; she will go, and the Forest-Bird will yet sing in the hunter's cabin. Trust the poor, crazed wanderer, for love makes her mind strong, and she can work wisely. Fear not, lover of the singing-maiden; but tarry here until I come again, and I will bring good tidings. Remember that the night-hawk with the hidden claws shall not steal the song-bird!"

The mysterious creature walked slowly, and in dignified silence, away.

"Thank God, Pinto—thank God! Helene is safe—safe!"

"What, Julian—you don't depend on that crazy creature's words?"

"As I would upon an angel's promise! You don't know her, Pepe, but I have often proved her truthfulness, and many a favor she has done me."

"But who is she?"

"That I know not, for she always goes by the name of 'Nina.' She is a strange, mysterious creature, but fondly attached to Helene. Her face I never saw, for you see her long hair falls nearly over it."

"And you really intend trusting 'Nina,' as you call her, and waiting here till she comes again?"

"Indeed, I shall—gladly wait and thankfully trust."

(To be continued.)



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THE EBON MASK is having a fine run. It is a story calculated to hold the reader—full of mystery. Its characters are strong—men and women who could not act a tame part in life. Its pictures of the savannas and everglades are entrancing. It is a relief, in the midst of the highly seasoned and fever-breeding narratives of the popular press, to come upon a story so refreshing, so invigorating, so enjoyable. Don't fail to read it! Commenced in Number 5.

The serial "Hand, Not Heart" is producing a powerful impression. It is a work of great force of narrative and of fine dramatic conception, and is one of those stories which never fail to make the reader wish for more from the same skilled and cunning hand. We have arranged with the writer for further contributions. Back numbers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL will always be supplied by newsdealers, or furnished to order.

That a good thing is always sure to make its mark is true; that the border romance, "Duke White," commenced in this issue, will be read with unalloyed delight we can well understand; but we think that readers have in store a greater treat than may have been anticipated from our announcements. The story is from the hand of one who never fails to hit the center—one whose fame as a writer of Indian and Border romance is second to that of no contributor to popular journalism. Let those who do peruse it and are pleased with Duke and his forest friends tell their friends to "go and do likewise."

Our humorous contributor, in his "Grand Gift Distribution" seems to have created a long and loud laugh at the expense of the thousand and one humbugs of the day whose schemes for entrapping greenhorns make much advertising for the papers and many victims among the unwary. BEAT TIME's "scheme" was not more absurd, in fact, than any "grand gift" affair which promises a return of one hundred dollars for one.

Odors and Memories.—Wonderful is the link between odors and memories. A sprig of wild mint or pennyroyal takes one back to early childhood and sunny fields bordered by old oaks and chestnuts, and down the fox-grape hollows, now all grown visionary in the distance. A breeze across the barn in mid-winter will set us in the summer fields amid the new-mown hay, and the songs of the bobolinks and the murmur of the woods. None the less are odors linked with the airy brood of imagination. An orange bud will carry us to Sorrento—a rose to Persia and the paradise of the houris. Even the scent from a city warehouse will send us far out to sea, away to China and the wealth of Ormus of Ind. Any one with the least musical ear knows how subtle and powerful is the link between certain

tunes or passages of music, and persons, places, scenes, associated with them; how they set us musing on the past—unlock the mysterious chambers of memory. Not less subtle and powerful are the enchantments of odors. There is as much poetry in them as in sights and sounds. A lady with a sandalwood fan will diffuse around the room delicate dreams of Araby the Blest. The rose in her hair or on her bosom, the bouquet she holds in her hand, the faint perfume of her dress, will carry one's thoughts, not only to the flower-garden and the conservatory, but to all the amenities of refined female society. She will bring with her everywhere suggestion of refined culture and Christian civilization. How can there be wrath and harsh words and brutal deeds in a room where flowers are breathing out the perfumes which seem so naturally absorbed by a woman that they may be called feminine, adding the last touch of beauty to her person by their odors as by their forms and colors?

All Sorts of Men.—There is a great difference in men. Some are as true-hearted and unsuspecting as Newfoundland dogs; others are like rat terriers, always nosing around under the impression that there is something going on they don't understand. Some are noble and generous; others thoroughly mean and contemptible. Some are modest; others overrun with vanity and egotism. Some are invariably kind and considerate; others go about with their eyes shut, in utter ignorance of the trouble they are giving by their carelessness. Some slow and steady and to be depended upon; others, quite brilliant and unreliable. Some have a taste for detail and attend to all the minutiae of a subject, while others care only for great principles, and require a thing to be gigantic before it arrests their attention. Men of genius are always uncomfortable to live with. Absorbed in one subject, they ignore trifles, and trifles make up the comfort or discomfort of life. Men have talents for different things, and some have a talent for being good husbands. It was probably neglect and annoyance that made Xantippe a shrew. The founder of the Stoics could not be expected to sympathize with the trials of housekeeping. Mediocrity is best suited to matrimony. One never wants to be too close to a brilliant light.

A Maiden's Love.—Human nature has no essence more pure—the world knows nothing more chaste—heaven has endowed the mortal heart with none holier, than the nascent affection of a young virgin's soul. The warmest language of the sunny south is too cold to shadow forth even a faint outline of that enthusiastic sentiment. And Providence has made the richest language poor in the same respect, because the depths of hearts that thrill with love's emotions are too sacred for the common contemplation. The musical voice of love stirs the source of the sweetest thoughts within the human breast, and steals into the profound recesses of the soul, touching chords which never vibrated before, and calling into gentle companionship delicious hopes, till then unknown. Yes, the light of a young maiden's first love breaks dimly but beautifully upon her, as the silver luster of a star glimmers through a thickly-woven bower; and the first blush that mantles her cheek, as she feels the primal influence, is faint and pure as that which a rose-leaf might cast upon marble. But how rapidly does that light grow stronger, and that flush deeper, until the powerful effulgence of the one irradiates every corner of her heart, and the crimson glow of the other suffuses every feature of her countenance.

The Right Road to Truth.—We believe that "investigation," and not "discussion," is the right road to the development of "truth." Debates breed confusion. They arouse the vainglorious spirit of controversy. They beget intemperate language. They seduce the mind from its chastity and its candor into the narrow paths of special pleading. They produce friction; and while friction may strike off sparks that now and then illuminate for a moment, it also ignites a flame of bad feeling, if it does not explode a magazine of more or less combustible material. For many thousands of years statesmen and theologians have been cracking arguments and crowns, asserting and refuting, creating and destroying, and we are to-day no better for their brutal and bloody work, except in the experience which tells us that it is not the proper method of reaching the goal of life. Would it not be better to change the system, and, as we can not hope to exterminate our adversaries, to live and to let live, each striving in his own way to express his convictions without regard to the other, and leaving the final sum-total and the ultimate judgment to the God of the universe?

Passions for Display.—The world is crazy for show. There is not one person in a thousand who dares fall back on nothing but his real, simple self for power to get through the world, and extract enjoyment as he goes along. There is too much living in the eyes of other people. There is no end to the aping, the mimicry, the false airs, and the superficial arts. It requires rare courage, we admit, to live up to one's enlightened convictions in these times. Unless you consent to join in the general cheat, you are jostled out of reach. There is no room for you among the great mob of pretenders. If a man dares to live within his means, and is resolute in his purpose not to appear more than he really is, let him be applauded; there is something fresh and rare in such an example.

Matrimonial Advances.—The Rev. Dr. Bushnell, in his new book, "The Reform Against Nature," writes on this subject as follows: "Full three-quarters of the men who get stuck in their bachelor life and are never married, are, in fact, the most inborn adorers of women; such as never in their lives can muster courage for any advance just because the shrine they look upon has too much divinity in it for mortal approach. Of course it will not do for unmarried women to put themselves in a way of being suitors to men. That kind of courtship would even be an offense, and raise a sense of revulsion; nobody would recommend to women that they get over their modesty; but the almost colic stringency of what are called good manners, in this matter, might be relaxed, without real impropriety and with great advantage. The present

iron-clad modesty, which is simply ridiculous in either party, might be so far mitigated as to let feeling feel its way, and carry on its own courtship; requiring no restriction save the restriction of words and formal advances, and allowing nature to interpret and work out her own problem, hampered by no unnatural coyness. Women can not be forward and bold, but they are now a great way further off than they need be.

Sorrow.—At whatever sign of genuine sorrow no one but a brute can mock. Sorrow is not more a chastener of the true soul than it is an inspirer of reverence. There is a measure of grief that is spiritual, elevating, purifying, divine. Most humanizing and divine is that immortal picture of Niobe. The tears of a mother over her dead babe—her first born—or the sadness of whatever heart is bereaved—these are sacred symbols of the divine that stamp and hallow our brotherhood—our humanity.

Mechanics.—They are the palace builders of the world; not a stick is hewn, not a stone is shaped in all the lordly dwellings of the rich, that does not owe its beauty and fitness to the skill of the mechanic. The towering spires that raise their giddy heads among the clouds depend upon the mechanic's art for their strength and symmetry. Not an edifice for devotion, or business, or comfort, but bears the impress of their hands. How exalted is their vocation, how sublime their calling.

Happy Persons.—There are persons who may be called fortunate, if not elect; namely, those who, from the felicity of their natural constitution, desire only what is good, who act for love, and show pure morality in their actions. In these happy beings, the superior feelings predominate much over those common to men and animals.

Rising Stars.

Epochs in Our Lives.—Cheerfulness and confidence are the pioneers of successful enterprise! They blaze—as it were—a clear pathway through the wilderness which so often beset the road of duty, and let in, through the riven foliage, the light of guiding stars. But who can be cheerful and confident, if he permits his memory to brood amidst the "clouds and darkness" of the melancholy, irrevocable past? We should linger upon those deeds which can not be canceled, only long enough to master the lessons of warning and experience, for:

'Tis the part of a coward to brood
O'er the past, which is withered and dead;
What tho' the heart's roses are ashes and dust,
What tho' the heart's music is fled?
Still shine the grand heavens o'er head,
And the voice of an angel thrills clear on the soul
"Gird about thee thine armor! press on to the goal!"

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth
Are a burden too heavy to bear,
What hope can re-bloom on the desolate waste
Of a barren and craven despair?
Down, down with the fetter of fear!
In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise,
With the faith that illumines, and the will that defies!

"Let the dead past bury its dead," embodies beyond doubt, the quintessence of philosophy and wisdom; and surely, when we arrive at some cardinal division of time, or special era in our own lives—some period that lies as a neutral territory between that which *was*, and that which *is to be*—the eye of the mind should be more earnestly fixed upon the possible grandeur and triumphs of the future, than on the mementoes of a "tale that is told," the dry bones which glimmer in the depths of that receding "valley of vision," through the cool pastures or dangerous quicksands of which we shall never wander more! At the advent of every new year we are enabled, in a measure, to begin our life afresh, to renew our youth with its glad aspirations, unsoiled delights, and blessed promises. Not until we are stricken with age, until the silver chord is almost loosened, and the golden bowl totters to its fall, can we regard these epochs as other than breathing-spells granted to hope, faith, courage, wherein the sturdy warriors, taking no counsel of fear, may find leisure to rid themselves of the dust of conflict, and prepare for the perilous journey which awaits them still. "But what," some despondent thinkers may inquire, "what if such aspirations are doomed to disappointment—if our hopes brighten only to deceive, and our courage showers idle blows upon a hard, invincible destiny?" We reply, "It is *not* in victory, but the efforts to attain it, that the best renown, the highest honors, the most enduring comfort rests; it is the promise of God alone to crown the endeavor with success!" Labor is its own reward. We believe that for one indefatigable worker who has been exasperated or soured by failure, there are a hundred who, in the more healthful consciousness of having put forth their utmost energy, whether of achievement or endurance—"they also serve who only stand and wait"—experience a glorious satisfaction which is nearly akin to triumph, if it be not triumph itself. We have too many waste hours, alas! to account for, in our years, as they pass; and that they may not rise up in judgment against us, let us so order our leisure that it may count in our favor as having witnessed some good accomplished, some kind act done. This, dear reader of this page, is especially written for you. Heed it!

B. B. EVERS.

A Spring "Lay!"—In these fine spring mornings when the birds are out singing to the early day, and the sun begins to show his ruddy beams over the eastern hills, how delightful it is to a man of poetic feelings to sleep on and know nothing of it! Talk about the desolation of Palmyra; that is nothing compared to the beautiful ruins of some bright dream broken by an unwhiling shake of the door, followed with "Breakfast's over!" The early bird catches the worm, but for my part it is well-earned to me as I don't want to fish. I am sure I prefer, at least, to lie abed until nature has had time to wash her face before I go out to greet her. But cooks are not possessed of the poetical spirit of the age, and he who would sleep to get a whole dream, does so at the expense of a broken meal.

A. KORN.

THE ENGAGEMENT.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

To look and act divinely fair,
Is all my lady's duty,
A very marvel is her hair,
A wonder is her beauty.

In marble halls she sits in state,
Or toils at the piano;
Her father is a man of weight—
And Nabob of Guano.

She's perfect in her snarls and smiles,
Which well become the wearer;
She practices her arts and wiles
Each morning at the mirror.

The envy of all women she,
And titled queen of Fashion,
Her pattern saint is A-la-mode,
And opera her passion.

And seraph-like she doth appear
Even in her simple gored robe;
She's fifty dresses in the wash,
And sixty in her wardrobe.

My lady's hand is soft and fair,
No one can it disparage,
I take it gently at the stair
To hand her to the carriage.

And then she deigns to smile at me,
Perchance some kind word follows,
Her voice it has the genuine ring
Of half a million dollars.

Then off we dash, and I am blest,
Indeed I'm quite enchanted,
To ride in such a vehicle
By such a fairy haunted!

What matter if the rain descends,
The streets be bad and sloppy?
Again I take her finger-ends,
Alighting at the Opera.

To serve her now is all my task
And daily avocation,
To serve her well is all I ask—
Nor is there higher station.

I pray that my life's tender dream
May not be interrupted;
And wish me all the joy you may,
For I am her Accepted.

Turning round to the poetical but seedy young man, I asked him what he meant by saying he was her accepted.

"Why," said he, while tears stood in his squint eyes, "I mean I am her accepted—carriage-boy!"

Washington Whitehorn's

ANSWERS TO

CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

MARION asks what are my beliefs. His question I believe covers a good deal of ground, and includes a very small man; however, I shall answer a few of that question. I believe in beans, and have secret faith and confidence in onions.—I believe Timon Tide waits for no man.—I believe in the eternal principles of our forefathers, and the ubiquity of boarding-house hash.—I believe in the virtue of the rod, but am reasonable enough to think there are other virtues more easy to be borne.—When I smell cloves on a young man's breath I believe always that they spoil the scent of the whisky.—I believe man was originally a monkey, but I wouldn't like to make the monkey ashamed of himself by telling him so. I believe when you want a flea to hold on a bit it is sure to let go, and that he is characterized by a great deal of no-where-a-five-ness.—I believe late hours are the consequences of early depravity; and that they cause wives to keep watches which they pray may be broken.—I believe a lady who lounges constantly upon her divan shows a great deal of divinity.—I believe lying has got to be so common that I can hardly rely on what I say myself.—I believe that this will do.

HELEN, who is a city lady and has lately been visiting in the country, sends us some impromptu verses, written after a good deal of hard study, pathetically descriptive of the murder of a mother and four children, and ending with these lines:

There stands the cot where they were born,
This mother and four children dear,
And from that cottage they were torn
By cruel hands that slayed them here.
The cot is crumbling to the ground,
And all is desolate around,
But, stranger, when you go by here,
Oh, kindly stop and shed a tear
For this poor mother and children dear."

Now, the man who first told her this story informs me that it was only a joke, as the cot was a pig-pen and the persons murdered were a female pig and four little piglets. We made him ashamed of his imposition upon her, and he said that he was ready at any time to accept her apology.

ARTISTS ask for a description of myself: Well, take your pencil, and on the background of eighty-two years draw two eyes quite short-sighted, with a most squint, and a pair of buckskin spectacles with holes cut in them to see through; now, draw an accompanying nose of the Roman bend—not Grecian—whittled down to a fine point; now, draw a mouth, or commissary department, over which the nose keeps watch and ward; be sure you have the mouth closed and the teeth left out—as they are in the original: be sure, also, you paint the voice full and high-toned. Now, under the mouth paint a chin, saying good-morning to the nose at very close quarters; then throw some lights and shades on the face, but don't throw the lights on with a lantern, for I am lantern-jawed enough, and on each side of the face draw two things, hardly large enough for wings and not small enough for anything else—these we will call ears. Now draw a little hair on my head; spread it on pretty thin, and be careful you don't draw it over my eyes. Now throw an innocent and lamb-like expression over the whole and send me a check for one hundred dollars and you have me sure.

TRAVELER.—A man who in this enlightened age of the world is so unfashionable as to give up his seat in the cars to a lady, deserves not to be thanked. Mercy! where were you raised? Politeness on the cars! Why, man, politeness don't travel; it hasn't any money; besides, it ain't able to be about, anyhow. I saw a fellow who tried to be polite on the cars the other day and failed. A young man who looked like he would have been at home in the field, but sadly out of place in the cars, came aboard at a country station. On entering the door, and seeing the ladies and gentlemen, he probably thought he was going into church, and sheepishly pulled off his hat, which he carried down the aisle, and when he found a seat, deposited it carefully on the floor at his feet, then he looked around, and seeing no others without hats picked his up and put it on his head again, looking uncomfortably rosy about the face, and wishing he was somebody else. There was some boisterous smiling around.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

The Robber Lover.

BY R. W. EASTERBROOKS.

"No, Mr. Minturn, it can never be! I am sorry, but—"

"But what?" interrupted Arnold Minturn, excitedly, his dark eyes glowing. "There is something beyond; I feel and know it. If your only reason for refusing my love is because you find it impossible to return it, say so, and I will go without another word; but until you say 'I cannot love you,' I shall be unsatisfied."

There was something in the man's earnestness that compelled an answer, and, swallowing with difficulty a would-be sob, Marion Ware answered:

"You are right; there is something beyond. I have discovered, by the purest accident, all the mystery of your long absence and pecuniary success. You are the leader of that band, whose ravages have so disturbed and puzzled our little town. Nay, do not start!" as the young man stepped forward impetuously. "Your secret is safe; but now you can see why it is impossible I should ever return your love."

"Marion, hear me!" he implored, as she turned to leave the room. "I became, years ago—when they not only attacked property, but life—the discoverer of their secret haunt. They found me in their cavern ransacking their treasures, and, thinking my lithe boyish activity might be of service, bade me choose between death or becoming a member of their band. I was young; life was precious, and I accepted the last alternative. I worked myself up rapidly, and through my influence alone, the gang are no longer branded as murderers and ruffians. Thank God! I have not the stain of blood upon my hands, and, Marion Ware, I believe I have been a far more successful missionary than thousands of our white neck-tied clerical gentry."

She shook her head sadly. "Your reasoning may be plausible, but it fails to convince me. Years of successful thievery—and the sarcastic emphasis on this last word brought the hot blood to her companion's cheek—"may not be explained away so flimsily. If you have so much influence with those desperadoes, why not benefit humanity still further, and break up the whole affair? You have made your fortune, and can surely afford to act in some such manner."

His face gleamed.

"And if I make all the reparation in my power—"

"Stop!" she interrupted with her hand on the gilded door-knob. "Act as you like, as your conscience dictates; but, do not think of a reward. I can never marry a man who is so void of all morality as to steal and plunder for years, without a single pang of remorse." And, with a dignified bow she left his presence.

He sunk down with a dreary, heart-burdened sigh.

"It is just; and yet, she misjudges me. I am not devoid of morality. I have long purposed breaking up the whole band as soon as it was at all practicable, and now will make a desperate attempt for the right. It may be dangerous, for there are black, sin-loving hearts in the gang; but, Marion is lost to me utterly, and what is life without her love?"

Without waiting to solve the difficult question, he seized his hat and left the house.

To say that Marion Ware was indifferent to this man would be simply an untruth. She had loved him before the discovery of his identity with a band whose daring and successful robberies had puzzled the whole community; and now, fully aware of his true character, she could not, with all her womanly horror of dishonesty, steel her heart against the one into whose keeping it had gone forth for the first time. However, she succeeded in concealing the true state of her affections from the individual most concerned, and that, under the circumstances, was something of a triumph.

Days passed! Minturn had disappeared. This was no uncommon occurrence, but Marion was strangely uneasy. She knew that his love for her was genuine; understood how such a disappointment would affect his intense nature, and waited, with terrible forebodings, news of some kind from the wanderer. At last she could endure the awful suspense no longer. She and her maid, while rowing upon the river which skirted their little village, had stumbled upon the rendezvous of the mysterious band. A large cave, the existence of whose outer visible chamber the whole village were aware, but which contained inner wonderful recesses, so cunningly concealed that one might sound and search for months without discovering the slightest evidence of their presence. But one day some one had been careless—had displaced a rock which fitted into the surrounding granite—and on that day, as fortune would have it, Marion and Nellie rowed down to the cave, perceived this evidence of inner caverns, and after a few efforts succeeded in gaining said caverns, discovering there the identity of the leader of the band.

So here, dreading she scarcely knew what, forgetting all thought of danger, in fear for the man she loved, Marion, accompanied by her maid, again journeyed. They fastened the boat some little distance off, and tremblingly entered the cavern. There, upon the ground, lay Arnold Minturn insensible, and apparently lifeless, while the gashes upon his head, and his general appearance of dilapidation, showed that he had been most foully dealt with.

Unheeding the cries of her frightened companion, Marion knelt by his side, endeavoring to discover, if possible, the extent of his injuries; but that was a vain task, for one so unskilled in medical lore, as was the young girl. Perceiving this, and fearing detection if they remained longer, she and Nellie together succeeded in conveying him to the boat, and reached home with their burden without attracting undue observation.

Minturn was dangerously ill for weeks, and during that time Marion first discovered how deep and lasting was her regard for him. To all but her, his injuries, and the attendant circumstances, were a profound mystery. But, she understood the whole thing thoroughly; knew that he had miscalculated his power over the band, and that, in attempting to withdraw, he had nearly signed his own death-warrant.

At last, however, he began to convalesce, and one morning sent for Marion to come to his room. She went without a moment's hesitation. There he sat in the large arm-chair, pale and wan, but a sad smile lit up his features as she entered. "I want to thank you for my life," he said, taking the hand she extended, but relinquished it almost immediately.

"No thanks are necessary," she replied, with would-be carelessness; but a little quiver betrayed the deception, and caused him to look up wonderingly. "My arrival there was very opportune. That was all."

"How came you to go there?" asked the invalid, eagerly.



"Well," (Marion realized that she must assume the initiative, and make him aware of her affections—so, woman-like, wanted it over,) "when nothing was heard of you for some time, I became worried, and at last decided to find out for myself if you were all right."

"But, Marion," and the man's face was a study, with the hope and doubt chasing themselves over every feature, "didn't you know that you endangered yourself by such a course?"

Her cheeks were scarlet, but she answered bravely: "I knew, but was desperate, and wouldn't think of that—"

He studied the beautiful face one moment, then asked, softly: "What am I to believe?"

"This," and two little hands placed themselves in his two palms.

The young man's astonishment rendered him for a moment speechless. His conflicting emotions were both pleasurable and painful.

"I am not worthy of this, Miss Marion. One who has led a questionable life has no right to the love and confidence of purity and innocence until he has done penance enough to purge him of his sins. I know this—that I am yet an honorable man in heart, and that, if opportunity be given me, I shall leave the old life so far behind me as to become only a dim memory."

"All of which I of course firmly believe, Arnold. If I did not so believe, I would be unworthy even of your confidence. I have never believed you to be wrong from purely wicked motives."

"No—no!" Arnold broke in—"never that, as I shall be able to prove to you."

"And you may prove it, Arnold. I give you my confidence in confidence that you will prove all I hope for, and that your life will be one of credit to us both."

Arnold Minturn has remained all unknown as the leader of a band of robbers. Under the guidance of a pure woman's love, and his own high resolves, he not only has shaken off the past, but has within him a consciousness of the good there is in all men if the way to the path of duty is made plain by gentle hands.

Hand, Not Heart: OR, THE DOUBLE BETROTHAL.

BY LENNOX WYLDER.

[THE NOM DE PLUME OF A CELEBRATED AMERICAN AUTHOR.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

STRANGE THINGS.

CLAVIS WARNE reeled, as if stricken by a rifle-ball. His eyes were blinded, and his senses seemed to have forsaken him. He staggered back and sunk into a seat.

Agnes looked up. No pen can describe the emotions rioting on her face. With her eyes starting from their sockets—her face bloodless—her golden hair hanging in wild disarray upon her shoulders, she arose to her feet, and staggered to the side of him who had sunk, as it were, helpless before the terrible words which had fallen from her lips. She leaned down, and, with her soft hands, pushed back the matted, disheveled masses from his brow, and imprinting a warm virgin's kiss upon that bold forehead, she murmured in his ear:

"Though my hand is another's, Clavis, my heart can be but yours. Its every pulse thrills for you—for you alone, my Clavis! My Clavis! Alas, no; and yet, I can not give you up!"

As she spoke, she suddenly knelt and threw her arms impassionedly around his neck.

Just then, a soft step echoed in the porch outside, and a dark shadow fell into the room.

Agnes looked up. She caught sight of the passing form; she saw the glitter of the gold eye-glasses!

But he who had trode so softly by had gone again.

With a face almost livid in the terror and confusion showing there, Agnes Arlington straight-

few minutes of suffering had made in his face. Traces of acutest agony were plainly visible, and great, deep lines of heart-trouble marked his pale brow.

But he aroused himself, and glanced around him.

"And has it come to this?" he muttered. "Have I been a wanderer from the shrine so long, to return now and find it polluted by the worship of an Ishmaelite? Oh! this is too much! And yet, shall I turn away again, and go lonely homeward? No, no! Something bids me remain and work out the problem, the solution of which brings me here. Agnes little dreams my errand here in Labberton, and I only had a faint idea of it until the revelation I have this morning listened to. I'll stay, and when my poor arm is well, why I'll watch and wait."

"Shall I give up Agnes Arlington?" and his words were labored and slow, and the roses fled away from his cheek. "Can I do any thing else? Yes—I can shoot Delaney Howe through the head! There's a plot in this matter, and by heavens! I'll read it yet! But, alas, Delaney Howe is Dora's brother!"

"Dora! Dora! She lives yet! Can she fill, in my heart, Agnes' place? What—a thought! Yet, can I do otherwise? Heaven help me! I can not give up Agnes, but—"

Without finishing the sentence, he suddenly arose to his feet, and began to walk the room with a slow and meditative stride. Up and down he strode. He thought not now of his broken arm; he thought not of the strange adventures of the night before. His mind was filled with gloomy forebodings; dark clouds enveloped him on every side; strange questions were being put and answered, arguments were debated, and wild fancies were rushing through Clavis Warne's brain.

But, as if recollecting himself and his surroundings, the young man ceased his promenade, and again flung himself into a chair.

"I forgot myself," he said. "I forgot the duty which called me hither! I now know that it is a duty!"

As he spoke, he drew out the letter again from his pocket, and, after some difficulty, succeeded in spreading it open.

He glanced his eye over it, and read as follows:

"MR. WARNE:—We have heard of your reputation away out here in Labberton. Some of us remember you on a former visit, but that was years ago. I have written to you twice already, but you have failed to come as yet. I write again. A singular case has occurred here. An old man, leaving one child, suddenly disappeared some months ago. He was a wealthy man. His brother has succeeded to his property. A good many people here shake their heads and suspect foul play. There has been a dark crime committed. You are a lawyer and can work the matter out. Come down, and I tell you witnesses and proofs shall not be lacking! More than that, YOU ARE INTERESTED PERSONALLY IN THE MATTER."

"ONE WHO KNOWS."

When Clavis Warne had folded the note, he placed it in his pocket, and was about to take out the package containing the other two. But, just then, a low

rap sounded on his door, and, in an instant, a narrow piece of paper was shoved in, under the crevice at the bottom. Then the young man distinctly heard light steps hastening away.

Warne arose from his chair, and drawing near the door, stooped and picked up the small strip. He glanced his eyes over it. There were a few scribbled lines upon it, which read as follows:

"Be on your guard to-day and to-night. If you value your life, sleep not!" A. A.

The handwriting was familiar; the words written were grave. The paper fell from his hand, and with scowling brow and flashing eyes, Clavis again sat down.

This time, after glancing around him, he drew from his pocket a pistol and cautiously examined the leaden bullets lying in the chambers.

We will briefly follow Delaney Howe the afternoon of this same day, when, as the twilight was beginning to settle down, he left the village of Labberton, and took his way toward the dark belt of forest in the distance. The shadows of night had fallen when he entered the gloom of the woods; but he did not pause. He struck right into the depths of the forest, following neither road nor path, for there was none. He continued on at a slinging stride for half an hour.

Suddenly he paused, as he came to a small, narrow path. Delaney Howe looked cautiously around him in the gloom, and then stepped suddenly up to a large tree bordering this path. He scrutinized the rough sides of the tree for several moments, and then he laughed low as he turned away and strode on up the path.

"The boys have gone on, and the coast is clear!"

And he hurried along. Another half-hour elapsed, when suddenly he stopped at the foot of a hill. This hill was thickly covered over with dwarfish trees, growing closely everywhere. Below these, the wild vines interlaced in every direction, forming a complete net-work through which it seemed almost impossible for a rabbit to pass.

It was a wild, desolate scene, and the dense gloom hanging over every thing made it more lonely and dreary still.

Delaney Howe paused just an instant, and then, stepping straight into the thicket, made his way carefully along through the undergrowth. At length he stopped again, as he stood near the entrance, dark and gloomy, of what seemed to be a cave.

Placing his hands to his mouth, he uttered a low, peculiar cry. The lonely call echoed through the sleeping woods, but no answering cry came back.

Again the young man sent forth the wailing note, and once more waited in silence.

This time, there came back a wild, unearthly groan, proceeding, as it were, from the bowels of the earth. In a moment, a dark figure rose before him at the entrance of the cave, a naked saber flashing in the dim light.

"Who comes hither? Friend or foe?" If friend, advance and whisper low!" said a deep voice.

"I am a friend, ever good and true; True to myself, true, too, to you!" was the reply, in a low voice, Delaney still standing at bay before the naked sword.

"Advance then, friend; I bend my ear; Speak low the word, and never fear!" was the solemn rejoinder.

Delaney Howe at once drew near and whispered some words. Then, in a moment, a red flambeau flashed far down in the cave, and the two who stood at the mouth disappeared in the large, distorted shadows of the gloomy place.

An hour afterward, Delaney Howe emerged from the cave into the outer air, and, glancing around him, strode away.

CHAPTER XIX. A DARK PLOT.

THE shades of night had long since fallen. The moon had come out from behind a distant cloud-bank, and was now gleaming down brilliantly upon the sleeping world. Faint lights were twinkling away in the neighboring village of Labberton, but the long-stretching wasteland lying between it and the Arlington mansion was unlit, save by the pale rays of the moon. But, that light was sufficient to reveal the lonely desolation of the plain, its bare, bold look relieved here and there by the tall, slender poplars, bowing gently in the breath of the light night-wind, moaning along.

Arlington mansion was almost as gloomy as the silent, shadowy plain extending around. Only two lights beamed forth from the large, shambling old pile.

One of these lights shone faintly from the window of the room in which Clavis Warne slept as a guest; the other flashed out from the rear window of the library.

The old house looked gloomy enough in comparison with its gay and brilliant appearance of the night before. The flashing lights were now extinguished, and the somber wings of the ancient structure were now enshrouded in their usual garb of darkness. No carriages rolled up to the great stately door, and no gayly-dressed maidens and attentive beaux thronged the large hall.

The night, in marked contrast, too, to the previous one, was all that could be desired. It was lovely.

Mr. Arlington sat in the library all alone. He was leaning his hand upon the secretary, his eyes bent on a small torn scrap of paper lying before him.

Suddenly he started, and, clutching the paper, glanced nervously around him. A faint sound, coming whence he could not positively determine, had reached his ears. He arose to his feet.

"I am sure I—There, again!" He suddenly paused, and his limbs shook beneath him. That time the noise was plainly perceptible, but, coming whence, as before, it was impossible to determine.

"Is this jugglery, or is it a visitation from the outer world?" he said, in a low, tremulous voice, great drops of sweat breaking out suddenly upon his forehead. "I can not stay here!" and he turned quickly toward the door.

His hand was on the knob, but he did not turn the bolt.

"No, no," he said, with more determination; "I was mistaken! It was the creaking of the shutter, nothing more. I'll fix it! And I have an appointment to-night which I must keep! Will Delaney be here? 'Tis getting late."

He went to the window, and, adjusting the shutter, returned to his seat.

As he sat down he muttered:

"Delaney must be here! The work is important, and he is interested in it! Yes, the deed must be done! The coil must be severed which is slowly gathering around me! I must have room in which to breathe! I feel that the air is hot and stifling around me! I feel skeleton fingers clutching at my throat! I see fiery eyeballs glaring upon me; I must shake them off, must shut them out! Good heavens! I feel as if I were strangling!"

He sprang to his feet, his eyes starting from his head, his face livid, his mouth foaming! At one vicious effort, he tore away his cravat and collar, and then staggered away with reeling steps toward the sideboard. In an instant, he stooped down, and taking out the decanter containing brandy, placed the vessel to his lips and drank freely of the fiery liquid.

The diffusible stimulant flashed through his system. Steadying himself a moment by a chair, he walked back across the room to his seat by the secretary.

"Ha! ha!" he cried: "cognac is a wondrous friend, and one never failing! Now, I am strong! Now I care not for gibbering fiends, come as they may! And he who knows a secret of mine is here now! To-night he sleeps beneath this roof!" and he sunk his voice almost to a whisper. "Does he come hither attending to business of his own, or does he come here to meddle in that of others? Does he come to look into titles and old wills, and to adjust certain claims? I distrust you, Clavis Warne!"

and it were better for us both if scores were settled between us!

"And this piece of paper which I discovered, gives me property—this old mansion and grounds—and an immense pile of gold, when found! And, by heavens! it shall be found! More than once I have thought I had found the clue. But Delaney Howe haunts me like a shadow! SHADOW did I say?" and the man cowered away as he spoke, and covered his face with his hands. His frame shook as if with a convulsion.

But, suddenly he bestirred himself, and glancing around, said, in a low voice:

"I am strong and I fear not! But, I'll speak no more of shadows! This precious scrap!" he continued, again examining the torn strip of paper; "how I fondle it! how I hug it to my heart! And where is that book?" He paused, and for a moment seemed lost in thought.

"It must be found, or all may be lost!" Again his glance fell on the blurred paper, and gazing at it with burning eyes, he read, in a low voice, as follows:

"Forget it! Never, so help me heaven! She disobeyed me in a slight command—would she not have done the same, whatever that command had been? St. Clair, my brother, is needy. Shall he have my property, allowing, as he may see fit, something to my willful daughter? Yes, this seems good; and—"

He ceased reading, and carefully folding the scrap, laid it upon the secretary along with a few other papers.

"That is all that is written upon THE SCRAP!" he muttered, "and that has been declared to be John Arlington's will! It is very well for me! and I'll not gainsay it! But it grows late!" he exclaimed, glancing toward the clock again, "and still, Delaney comes not! Be it so! If 'worse comes to worst' I'll do the work singly and alone! For I am not—"

A long, thrilling whistle at that moment echoed faintly in the room; and then again. Then came a gentle rap on the rear-door of the library.

Before Arlington could say "come in," the bolt was turned; but the door was locked.

A short, vigorous blow on the panel followed, as if the door had been kicked by a heavy boot.

Mr. Arlington turned to the secretary, on which lay the papers. Picking up one, he crowded it into his pocket-book, hurried to the door, and opened it.

In an instant the tall, brawny form of Delaney Howe stood inside.

"Where the deuce have you been, Delaney, all this time?" asked Mr. Arlington, gruffly.

"On my own business! See to it, Sainty, that you attend to yours!" was the prompt, sharp answer, as the young man pushed by, and flung himself in a chair.

"I am tired, Sainty! Excuse familiarity," he said, with a low, wicked laugh. "Have you found that book yet?" and he gazed the other steadily in the face.

"No, I have not! But, Delaney, we have work to-night; do not forget it!" said Arlington, in a voice slightly tremulous.

Howe started, and a serious look came to his face, as he replied:

"I know it, Sainty! It is very serious, and I don't exactly like it."

St. Clair Arlington turned upon him suddenly, his eyes gleaming like a tiger's.

"Are you getting chicken-hearted, man?" he exclaimed, in an angry tone. "I tell you, Delaney, our money is in danger—our necks, too! Do you mind?"

The young man started again, and for a moment his cheek paled.

"Then we'll work together, come what may!" he said, in a decided tone.

A long, earnest conversation followed. It certainly lasted an hour. At the end of that time, the hands on the clock now pointing to a quarter of twelve, St. Clair Arlington arose, and took down from a shelf a bottle. Beckoning his companion to follow, he extinguished all but one of the lights in the library, and, opening the door, crept softly out into the dark hall.

Delaney trod close behind him. The large old house was wrapped in perfect silence.

No sooner had the two confederates left the library than a small, bent figure, as of an old man, suddenly emerged from behind one of the book-cases, and approached the secretary. Leaning down over the few scattered papers, he suddenly seized one, and secured it about his person.

Then, cautiously opening the library-door, he, too, soon disappeared in the gloom of the hall-way outside.

(To be continued.)

Margaret's Mission.

"AGNES GRAY says that every woman has a mission. What do you suppose my mission is, mamma?"

"Mission, indeed!" laughed Mrs. Alleyne, looking proudly at her pretty daughter. "I suspect, my dear Meggy, your mission is to flirt and dance."

Mrs. Alleyne was wealthy, and Margaret was her only child. Her whole life was spent in rendering her daughter happy, so Miss Margaret was petted to her heart's content. To look as pretty and bewitching as possible, to be arrayed like Solomon in his glory from morning till night, to pass her time in an endless succession of Belgravian gayety, was her child's mission, according to Mrs. Alleyne's idea; so Margaret received all the gifts fortune showered upon her quite as a matter of course, and enjoyed life as her mother expected she would do.

At last Margaret met her fate, to the great wonderment of her friends, in the person of John Graham, a wealthy young merchant of Baltimore; for Margaret Alleyne, with her baby face and coquettish manner, was the last person in the world you would imagine the grave business man would love, and he the most unlikely of all her suitors to carry off the belle. But Margaret did love her lover; he was so grave and clever. So, amidst the congratulations of

his friends and the tears of her parents, John Graham bore his fair bride off to his home.

He was very much in love with pretty Margaret. The soft, rose-flushed face, the tender blue eyes, the crinkled golden hair, never lost their charm for him. But he never dreamed that this little fragile creature could share the burden of life with him. No, that dimpled face was only made for smiles, so he indulged and caressed her, but his cares he bore alone.

The large fortune left by John's father had been doubled by his energy; but now, by the simultaneous failure of two or three firms he had trusted, and the villainy of a confidential clerk, the wealthy merchant saw himself upon the brink of ruin. Love rendered Margaret keen-sighted; she quickly perceived that all was not right with her husband; his wan, haggard face frightened her. But, dearly as she loved him, she was too proud to seek his confidence; so both were wretched, though each endeavored to conceal it from the other.

When John saw that ruin was inevitable, he wrote to Mrs. Alleyne, frankly disclosing the state of affairs. The mother insisted that her daughter should return to her; her husband could claim her when fortune again smiled upon him; but in the meantime Margaret was better with her; to spare her anxiety, it was better she should not know of her husband's difficulties.

With a heavy heart, John agreed to all Mrs. Alleyne's demands. Margaret's love was the only brightness left in his life; but, of course, if she could be happier with her mother, he could sacrifice it. His stern, pale face, and constrained manner affected Margaret painfully when he told her he desired her to accept her mother's invitation.

"He no longer loves me—he wishes me to leave him," the poor child cried afterward, in a passion of tears. But before him she presented a calm exterior, and John Graham thought that his young wife, like the rest of the world, was ready to desert the ship.

So Margaret returned to the home of her girlhood, calling all her pride to her assistance to enable her to appear indifferent; but her heart was rent by bitter pangs, for she had persuaded herself that her husband no longer loved her. Whole nights spent in tears leave traces; pretty Margaret grew pale and thin, and Mrs. Alleyne began to fear that, after all, her tenderness could not constitute her darling's happiness. Still, the girl never complained, but bore her burden in proud silence.

One night Margaret was at a ball given by an intimate friend. She had danced a great deal, and being very tired, sat down near an open window; a heavy curtain entirely concealed her. Two gentlemen were standing near, and she heard the conversation distinctly.

"So John Graham of Baltimore is bankrupt? I was very sorry to hear it; he is a most honorable fellow," said one.

"Yes," answered the other; "I saw him last week; he looks wretchedly. You know he married Miss Alleyne, a pretty little doll without an idea, and what is worse, without a heart; now she has deserted him in his adversity. It is rather hard when a man's own wife will not aid him to bear his troubles."

Margaret's heart gave a great bound. How she had misjudged him! how true and tender he was! He was alone and in trouble; surely her place was at his side. Then, heedless of comments, she left her hiding-place.

The next day, John Graham's stately mansion was to be sold. He had taken great pride in his home; a thousand tender associations were connected with every room. Now, with a heavy heart, he wandered through the deserted apartments. Here was Margaret's piano, which he had given her; the pictures and statues they had chosen together; every article appeared like an old friend. Then a feeling of intense desolation crept over him—he was so utterly lonely. The strong spirit was almost crushed. He threw himself upon the bed, and wept like a child. A quick step upon the stairs, a rustle of silken robes, a glad cry, then clinging arms were twined about his neck, a soft cheek was pressed to his, tangled golden curls mingled with his dark locks. Was it a dream? He pressed her close to make sure of the reality, and kissed her with such passionate fervor that Margaret wept for joy.

"Margaret, my wife—Margaret!" he sobbed. "Oh, John, how cruel you were to send me away! But I'll never leave you again, darling."

When they had both regained calmness, John Graham explained to his wife that the next day the house was to be sold—he could not take her into lodgings—perhaps she had better return to her mother. But Margaret firmly refused.

"Any place that is good enough for you, John, is good enough for me. My place is with you. I can assist you more than you think," she said.

Then Margaret commenced the battle of life in earnest. It is not easy to turn from a life of pleasure and luxury to one of comparative poverty. Margaret at first did not find her path strewn with roses; there were difficulties to be encountered, slights to be endured, ease to be sacrificed; but she had a brave heart, and love had changed the gay, careless girl into the tender, self-sacrificing woman. She became her husband's closest friend, his best adviser, his sympathizing confidant of all his plans; ever ready to cheer in moments of depression—the first to rejoice in his success.

John Graham is a wealthy man again now; success has crowned his efforts; but he ever blesses the adversity which taught him to know the real value of his wife.

So Margaret found her mission as a devoted wife and mother, much to her mother's amazement; and John Graham found he had married not a pretty butterfly of fashion, but an earnest, loving woman.

A California paper rejoices that even if the new county of Donner is set up, Nevada County will retain Humburg, Gongeyra, Red Dog, You Bet, and a few other uniquely named localities, though it will lose "God's Country."

Wild Nathan.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANGER.

BY PAUL J. PRESCOTT.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAST OF EARTH.

It was near morning when Kent was awakened by a hand on his shoulder and a gentle shake. Starting up, half-asleep, he asked in a whisper:

"What is wanting?" "Get up," was the reply, in the well known voice of Nathan Rogers. "Thar's Indians at hand, an' we can only save ourselves by slidin'!"

Wide enough awake now, the young man rose to his feet, and saw that Vic stood near with the horses ready saddled.

"How close are they?" he asked. "Not forty rods off," was the startling reply. "an' we've got to be off at once."

Stepping along a few feet to where Marion lay in innocent slumber, Kent stooped and touched her arm.

"Marion," he whispered, gently, "Marion, awake." The girl moved uneasily, and the loved voice mingling with her dreams she murmured:

"Wayne, dear Wayne. Oh, be careful! They will kill you if they discover you. Have a care!"

"Poor child," murmured her lover, "even her dreams are haunted by the thought of our foes. Marion," he added, louder, "awake."

She started up in affright, and collecting her scattered senses, asked what was wanted.

"We are forced to continue our journey," answered Kent; "the Indians are near enough to render our presence here dangerous."

She sprang to her feet, frightened but calm. "Wayne," she said, steadily, "you do not tell me all. I am not afraid. How near are they?"

"Forty or fifty rods," was the answer. "We must make haste. Are you ready?"

"Yes." He assisted her to mount, the other three men being already in the saddle, and then springing to his seat they were off.

It was dark—so dark that they were in some danger of encountering foes, or making some mistake that might betray them; but, the dexterity of the old trapper carried them safely to the edge of the plain, where they halted a moment to make sure of their bearing.

"All right, this way," said Wild Nathan, in a suppressed voice, as he led the way in "the darkness." "Keep powerful still."

Fortunately, the trapper's expertness and knowledge of woodcraft enabled them to avoid the Indians, who were lurking on the opposite side of the timber, unaware, as yet, of the proximity of the whites.

Silently the little band, led by Wild Nathan, kept on in the darkness and were soon two miles distant from the grove, and under the shelter of some low hills and timber. The east was beginning to grow light and morning would soon be there. They kept on at a sharp trot for a few miles, the darkness slowly lifting till the eastern horizon was bathed in rosy light, and the last shadows of the night vanished in the west.

A desultory conversation was maintained by the rest, in which Wild Nathan did not join. He appeared unusually grave and preoccupied. Marion watched him furtively, and at length thinking his grave demeanor caused by apprehensions of danger from the Indians, she spoke to him.

"What is it, Nathan—is there great danger?" "No, guess not," he replied, absently. Then rousing himself to consider her question, he continued: "Probably they'll find our trail, but I guess we'll be near 'nough the fort tew distance 'em. Shan't worry, any way."

An animated discussion of the probabilities of their being pursued ensued, while the trapper relapsed into his former gravity and silence.

Mile after mile detached itself from the distance, and stretched itself away behind them, until only a few remained between them and their destination, when, suddenly, a long shout reached them, and looking back they beheld a slight eminence about half a mile distant, covered with a war-party of Indians.

"We're in for it," muttered Wild Nathan. "Forward all!"

The fugitives quickened their pace at once, and whooping and yelling the Indians followed, and the race was fairly begun. Our friends felt but little anxiety as their horses were comparatively fresh and the distance to Fort Laramie so short, but a race with Indians, even under the most auspicious circumstances, can not fail to be exciting.

For a time the two parties maintained their position, and then the Indians began to gain slowly. Already the fugitives felt comparatively safe, so near were they to their destination, and the knowledge of this fact served to stimulate their pursuers with renewed energy. On they flew, their horses straining every nerve, their battle-axes and war-spears glittering in the sun, and a deafening roar of whoops filling the air.

"That's lovely music," remarked Vic, with a grin, "an' thar's the accompaniment," he added, as a shower of arrows flew around them. "Tain't no use tew dodge, arther they've gone past," as Scip made frantic efforts to elude the flying arrows. "We'll be out of danger in a few minits. See! thar's the fort!"

Amid a shower of death-winged missiles the little band of fugitives flew on, up the little rise that led to the fort, closely followed by their pursuers, who were evidently determined to abandon their purpose only when forced to do so. Occasionally a bullet, from a rifle in the hands of the savages, whizzed through the air with its peculiar whistling music, losing itself in the space beyond.

Suddenly Kent, who was near Wild Nathan, observed a deadly pallor overspread the trapper's face, and saw him reel in his seat. With a presentiment of danger the young man caught the falling man and supported him, until in an instant they were all safe within the walls of the fort.

Vic caught sight of him and hurried to him. They laid him down carefully, Marion holding his head and bathing his brow with water.

He opened his eyes with a faint smile. "It's all over," he said, looking up. "Vic, my boy, we'll go trapping together no more. I've hunted my last buffalo. Good-by."

Vic grasped his hand and wrung it without a word, turning away to hide his emotion.

The old trapper looked from one to another.

"Good-by, boys, I'm going! Good-by, little 'un; don't forget me. Don't cry, it's best so. We'll meet ag'in, I hope."

He closed his eyes with a smile, holding 'one of Marion's hands in his. The pallor deepened on his rough face, the labored breathing grew fainter.

"He is asleep," said Marion, reverently, with fast-dropping tears. "Asleep forever in this life."

Kent was kneeling beside him, holding one hand. "Yes, he is gone," he said in a low tone, rising to his feet. "The bullet passed near his heart."

Marion disengaged her hand from the tight clasp of the trapper, and with earnest sorrow for the life gone so suddenly, withdrew from the room.

Vic came up, brushing his rough hand across his eyes, as if ashamed of his emotion.

"He is gone," he said, with a glance at his peaceful face, "an' a braver man never lived."

The baffled Indians had withdrawn, fearing pursuit by the garrison.

Much to the surprise and pleasure of the party, they found at the fort a party from the Willamette River Mission, on their way to the States, with whom they might travel in company.

They remained at Fort Laramie over one day. Wild Nathan was buried near the fort, and a rude slab to mark the place was erected by Kent and Vic. It was with sincere grief that they mourned the rough but kindly friend who had been with them through so many perils, and gave his life for their safety.

CHAPTER XII. CONCLUSION.

Pass over two years, and come with me to a beautiful country-place, a short distance from Cincinnati, Ohio.

In the midst of a lovely garden stands a fine white house, whose shady piazza is overrun with climbing roses and scarlet creepers. Large trees throw their cool shadows over this roof and furnish homes for numberless birds.

The front door is open, and a dark-eyed woman, young and fair, is sewing by the window. At a little distance from her is a white-robed baby playing on the floor, to which her eyes wander with a tender glance.

There is a step on the piazza; a manly form darkens the door; a cheery voice chirps to the laughing baby, and the mother looks up with a smile. It is our old friends, Marion Verne, now Marion Kent, and Wayne. This beautiful country place is their home, and a happier family it would be hard to find.

"Marion," said Wayne, as he tossed the crowing child, "do you know what day this is?"

"No—yes—it is Wednesday, the seventeenth of September, I believe."

"Yes; but do you remember that this is the second anniversary of Wild Nathan's death?"

Marion looked up with a graver face.

"Two years have brought their changes, Wayne. I wonder where Vic is?"

"Trapping beavers and fighting Indians I dare say. I wonder—Ah, there's company."

Marion turned to look from the window.

A man mounted on a large gray horse had ridden up to the gate and dismounted. As he stepped from behind a clump of lilac bushes, Mrs. Kent started up with an exclamation.

"Why, Wayne—it is—yes, it is Vic Potter!"

Wayne started toward the door, meeting the trapper at the threshold.

"Welcome, old friend!" he said, heartily. "Welcome!"

There was a hearty greeting and hand-shaking all round as he entered.

"I'm powerful glad to see ye," he exclaimed, as he took a seat. "I got a notion that mebbe ye'd like to see Vic's ugly picture ag'in, so I jest extended my travels a little, an' here I be! Is this here youngster yours, Marion?"

"Yes," was the smiling reply, as the trapper took the little fellow from his father's arms. "And what do you think it's name is, Vic?"

"Hain't no idee," said the trapper, reflectively. "Wayne, mebbe, arter its father."

"No," said Marion, "we have named him Victor."

The old hunter looked up with a delighted grin.

"Did ye now? Well, that's suthin' I didn't expect. He's a fine little fellow, an' I s'pect tew have the pleasure of farnin' him how tew trap beavers one of these days."

At this moment the dining-room door opened, and a shining black face looked in. We have no difficulty in recognizing it as belonging to Scip.

"Gorry mity! Is dat ar' you, Vic?" he ejaculated, as his eyes fell on the trapper. "He! he! I wasn't s'pectin' to see you."

"Nor I you," answered Vic, as he shook hands. "What ye doin' here?"

"Oh, Miss Marion, she keeps me about de kitchen. I s'pect I'm good to scour knives," answered Scip, with a broad grin.

"Indeed, he is invaluable," said Marion, as she led the way out to dinner. "I couldn't do without him."

"You are not going back very soon, are you?" asked Wayne, when they were seated at the table.

"Next week," replied Vic. "I can't stand it 'mong civilization very long. I'm only to hum on the plains. It's lonesome tho', he added, in a changed tone. "Thout Nathan."

"Poor fellow," said Wayne. "He at least had the privilege of dying with friends around him, though an Indian bullet hid him low."

"He was a good feller," said Vic; "thar war none better nor braver."

"Nor one more kindly," said Marion. "He was a rough diamond but a true one. I mourned him as a friend."

Thus was the trapper, whose lonely grave in the wilds of the Far West might move the wonder of some chance passer-by, remembered.

THE END.

Saturday Talk.

Lunar Influence.—The idea of the young ladies that the full moon, especially at harvest time, had so much influence as to be able to drive them mad, was certainly outrageous and superstitious. But it was not entirely unfounded. Whether the moon's influence is stronger at the harvest season than at other seasons may be doubted; but that moonlight has an evil influence in certain circumstances, I think pretty certain. I know a gentleman, advanced in age, whose word I can confidently take, on whose judgment I can fully rely, who has often assured me that, from his own experience all through life, he is quite convinced of this influence. The moonlight shining into his room always renders him more or less restless, and this is not to be attributed merely to the light; for he feels no such effect from the early daylight on summer mornings. But he has again and again observed, when his sleep has been unsound, without any apparent cause, that it has happened on a moonlight night. Indeed, he is so convinced of this influence of the moon, that he always strives to exclude the moonlight from his bedroom as far as possible, and has a strong dislike to moonlight nights.

Mule Sagacity.—The mule is not generally credited with any qualities peculiarly human except stubbornness, but the following story from the *St. Joseph Gazette* shows him up in a different light: "The mules attached to one of the cars of the street railway had always been in the habit of stopping at the stable in Eighth street for their feed, even when the car reached the stable at half-past three, when one of the animals attached to it stopped, and manifested a decided inclination to go into the stable. The driver used the whip vigorously, but without avail. The only evidence of life it brought forth from the perverse animal was the elevation of its heels in close proximity to his head. Coaxing was then resorted to with like success. The obstinate animal refused to budge an inch. Quite a crowd had by this time gathered at the scene of action, and a variety of methods were suggested for starting the

mule, whose heels now began to fly around more lively. All efforts failed, however, until at length an idea occurred to the stable-keeper. He went in and brought out the watch by which the cars are run, and held it up in front of the obstinate animal's eyes. The mule gazed at it a moment. The hands of the watch showed that it lacked fifteen minutes of four o'clock. The animal, fully satisfied that 'time' had not been called, immediately started off on a lively trot for the end of the track. He reached the stable on his return trip at just four o'clock."

A Brave Woman.—A lone woman passed through St. Paul, Minn., recently with an ox-team conveyance, on her way to a homestead seventeen miles above Alexandria, Douglas county, some two hundred miles from St. Paul. She had previously gone up and pre-empted a farm under the homestead law, and built a house, and went back to near Red Wing for her aged mother. She found her mother sick, and, after waiting several weeks for her recovery, it being necessary for her to return and look to her homestead, she started alone, with her household goods on a sled, hauled by an ox-team, a cow being tied alongside. The woman, who is a Swede, did not appear to be at all appalled by the prospect of her many days' journey to her lonely home.

Letter from a Boarding-school Miss.—"Dear Mar: I am now being taught the Spanish language! which my tutor says I learn it with great facility, I've improved amazingly in the English since I've been here! I speak and write the real new style now, and my compositions are being very much admired among the pupils of the school. I came within of getting the medal for being the best English scholar, at the close of the last quarter, and I should a done it, but I was Bein sick a bedd and couldn't attend to my studies—for a hole week? and so I got beehyndhand; by the buy, Mar! (what shocking English you do right?) I'm ashamed to show your letters to any of the missesses among my acquaintances for instents you sa wile the te wotter was biling the other day etceterah and so forth, now yew should say wile the te wotter was bein bilte—par too? riles jus as incorrecly for instents he says in his letter french goods are falling very fast instead of saying french goods are being fell. I'm really shocked that you and hee don't keep pace with the march of modern improvements but I'm being called this minit to excite my spanish lesson, so I must wind orf. I superscribe my self your affectionate dawtur, MIRANDA MACKERREL.

Mica, for spectacles, is rapidly coming into use for workmen exposed to the heat or glare of iron furnaces. Complete masks of this material, and even cylinders surrounding the entire head, have been made so as to form a more perfect defense. It has been attempted to give a blue tinge to the spectacles, by applying the coloring matter directly to the surface of the mica, but this expedient failed. Another plan has been more successful: this plan consists in interposing a plate of transparent blue gelatine between two layers of the mica.

The Population of the city of New York is variously estimated from eight hundred thousand to one million. About one-half were born in the United States, and the other half are from foreign countries, of forty different nationalities. The census returns set down the married, widowers and widows as together constituting two-fifths of the population. The number of persons united in marriage during a year is seventeen thousand. The number of births during a year is thirty-one thousand. The number of deaths during a year is twenty-five thousand. There are five hundred thousand people living in twenty thousand houses, and five hundred thousand in forty thousand houses.

A Horse's Revenge.—A cruel, half-drunken teamster in France, not long since, angered at the poor exertions made by one of the horses—a poor hack which had almost served its time—decided that the animal was no longer worth his feed, and resolved to put an end to it. For that purpose he tied the poor brute to a tree, and taking a massive lever used in moving goods, he struck the animal several violent blows on the head, until the unfortunate brute sank to the ground insensible. The master, thinking the animal was dead, left it on the spot, intending to remove the body next day. The horse, however, recovered his senses a short time after, found his way home, and entered the courtyard at daybreak. Its arrival was welcomed by the neighing of its companions in the stable, which noise awakened the master, who was now furious at having failed in his cruel purpose. He tied up the animal afresh, and commenced again to shower blows on its head. The act of brutality was committed in sight of two other horses in the stable; and presently one of them, a young animal, became so frantic with rage, that he broke his halter, and rushing on the man, seized him in his jaws, and after shaking him violently threw him down and trampled on him with such fury, that had not the man's cries brought some person to his aid, the master would certainly have been killed.

Sunken Lake.—The great natural curiosity known as Sunken Lake, is situated in the Cascade Mountains, about seventy-five miles north-east of Jacksonville, Oregon. The walls are two thousand feet high, and almost perpendicular, running down into the water and leaving no beach. The depth is unknown, the surface is smooth and unruined, and it lies so far below the surface of the mountain that the air current does not affect it. Its length is estimated at twelve miles and its breadth at ten. No living man has, it is said, ever reached the water's edge. The lake lies "silent, still and mysterious in the bosom of the everlasting hills, like a huge well scooped out by hands of genii."

The Value of a Kiss.—A year or two ago I dined in San Francisco with the family of a pioneer, and talked with his daughter, a young lady whose first experience in San Francisco was an adventure, though she herself did not remember it, as she was only two or three years old at the time. Her father said that after landing, they were walking up the street, a servant leading the party, with the little girl in her arms. And presently a huge miner, bearded, belted and bristling with deadly weapons, just down from a long mining campaign in the mountains, evidently—barred the way, stopped the servant, and stood gazing with a face all alive with gratification and astonishment. Then he said, reverently: "Well, if it ain't a child!" And then he snatched a little leathern sack out of his pocket, and said to the servant: "There's a hundred and fifty dollars in dust there, and I'll give it to you to let me kiss the child!" But see how things change. Sitting at that dinner-table, listening to that anecdote, if I had offered double the money for kissing the same child I would have been refused. Seventeen added years had far more than doubled the price.

Ringlets and Beards.—There are few things on which personal beauty so much depends as on a fine head of hair. In every age, and almost in every nation, this fact has appeared so self-evident that particular attention has been paid, by both sexes, to the cultivation and preservation of this indispensable ornament.

That the ancients considered fine hair a great embellishment, may be shown by numerous references to history, both sacred and profane. Among the Hebrew women, in particular, great care and attention was bestowed to preserve and beautify their raven locks; and a prophet was more than once commissioned to threaten them with baldness unless they repented of their sins; and the severity of such a threat may be appreciated when it is considered that the loss of the hair was accounted a disgrace, amounting almost to infamy. For a woman to lose her hair, or a man his beard, either by accident or design, at once placed the sufferer without the pale of good society.

Gypsies.—These wandering people made their first appearance in Hungary in the year 1417, in the reign of Sigismund. In Northern Hungary, inhabited by Slavonians, they acquired domestic habits. In Southern Hungary, they remained nomadic. The color of these gypsies varies from white to red. In Hungary proper they number thirty thousand to forty thousand. There their trades are blacksmiths, musicians and horse-dealers. Maria Teresa endeavored to interest them in agricultural pursuits, but unsuccessfully. It is told of a band of one thousand of these gypsies, that they successfully defended a fortress against a more numerous force. Driving back their assailants, they boasted that their victory would have been more complete if they had not expended their powder. Hearing this, the enemy returned, captured the fort, and, to their disgrace, killed every gypsy.

Let Me Turn Over.—I was a passenger on a steamer from Panama to San Francisco when the rush of travel on that line was immense. We were badly crowded, and there was no room for chairs or tables, yet we were bound to have our game of "old sledge." A Baptist minister, smitten with the lust for gold, had deserted his flock, and occupied a sleeping-place on the cabin floor. Being a large, corpulent man, and finding him a sound sleeper, four of us squatted around him, and commenced to play on his broad stomach, scoring the points of the game on his black vest. We played for several hours, undisturbed except by an occasional snore of uncommon force. I had won considerably, and one of my opponents, Jim Doyle by name, becoming excited at my turning up "Jack," brought down his fist upon the lower part of the parson's stomach with great power. The pious old gentleman was awakened thereby, and looked up with some surprise; but seeing the state of the case, quietly exclaimed: "Go on with your game, boys; but if you are going to pound me in that manner, you had better let me turn over."

A Marvelous Story.—I was bred up, in a dislike of the marvelous, or the stupid wonderful, as my uncle called it. I must relate an anecdote in point. Some gentlemen were dining together, and relating their traveling adventures: one of them dealt so much in the marvelous, that it induced another to give him a lesson. "I was once," said he, "engaged in a skirmishing party in America; I advanced too far, was separated from my friends, and saw three Indians in pursuit of me: the horrors of the tomahawk in the hands of angry savages, took possession of my mind; I considered for a moment what was to be done: most of us love life, and mine was both precious and useful to my family; I was swift of foot, and fear added to my speed. After looking back—for the country was an open one—I at length perceived that one of my enemies had outran the others, and the well-known saying of 'divide and conquer,' occurring to me, I slackened my speed, and allowed him to come up: we engaged with mutual fury—I hope none here (bowing to the auditors,) will doubt the result—in a few minutes he lay a corpse at my feet. In this short space of time, the two Indians had advanced upon me, so I took again to my heels—not from cowardice, I can in truth declare—but with the hope of reaching a neighboring wood, where I knew dwelt a tribe friendly to the English; this hope, however, I was forced to give up; for on looking back, I saw one of my pursuers far before the other. I waited for him, recovering my almost exhausted breath, and soon this Indian shared the fate of the first. I had now only one enemy to deal with; but I felt fatigued, and being near the wood, I was more desirous to save my own life than to destroy another of my fellow-creatures. I plainly perceived smoke curling up among the trees; I doubted my speed: I prayed to Heaven; I felt assured my prayer would be granted; but at this moment the yell of the Indian's voice sounded in my ears—I even thought I felt his warm breath—there was no choice—I turned round—Here the gentleman who had related the wonderful stories at first, grew impatient past endurance; he called out: 'Well, sir, and you killed him also?' "No, sir—he killed me."

Star Beams.

A Georgia man has been timing a snail who made seventy inches in sixty minutes.

There is said to be a great similarity between a vain young lady and a confirmed drunkard, in that neither of them can get enough of the glass.

The four-oared rowing match for five thousand dollars and the championship of the world has been definitely arranged between the champion English crew of Newcastle upon Tyne, and the Paris crew of St. John, N. B. The race is to take place at Lachine, C. E., in July next.

Georgia is reported to abound in iron ores in the north-eastern counties, and the region situated near the great belt of primitive limestone, which traverses South Carolina and Georgia, north of the deposits of flexible sandstone, is unusually rich. The hematite ore is said to yield seventy-five to eighty per cent.

A white woman in Louisiana has been initiated as priestess of the Voodoo order. The ceremony consisted of an incantation in which the novice danced, clad in a single white garment, within a charmed circle of bee-bones and skeletons, toads' feet and spiders, with camphor and kerosene oil sprinkled about.

They are long-favored in Kentucky. An elongated gentleman in Paris, Ky., was boasting that of five neighbors he was the smallest, although he weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds, and was six feet high. In the midst of his remarks, John Howard, of Bourbon, came in, and stepping up behind him, easily stretched his chin over the top of the boaster's head. Mr. Howard is six feet and ten inches high, and weighs two hundred and ninety-six pounds.

In Morocco, fat women are esteemed beautiful, and girls are accordingly regularly fattened for the imperial harem. They take a plump damsel, of thirteen, and shut her up in a room, the windows of which are darkened by curtains of green silk. She is kept there without exercise, and regularly crammed with *consoussons*, or moistened meal rolled into balls. If she objects to swallow as much as is thought desirable, she is soundly beaten, to give her an appetite.

A New Song.

WALK OFF, BIG SHOES.

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I'm a reg'lar nig from way down south,
I hoe de sugar-cane and corn,
These niggers dat do live up north,
Are only niggers in a horn;
We southern darkeys put on no airs,
But serve our masters well,
While nothern nigs make their affairs,
The white folks' style to swell.

In Louisiana, where I live,
De nigs are happy, I tell you;
I came up north more free to live,
But I's gwine back, dat's what I'll do.
I asked de conductor for free fare,
I knew he could if he choose,
But he turned round, at me did stare,
And said, "Walk off, Big Shoes."

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Cruiser Crusoe: OR, LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER SIX.

The serpent was the most awful I had ever seen. Its mouth appeared large enough to swallow me, its tongue lolled out in a hideous and threatening way, its eyes sparkled with mingled rage and terror.

For a moment I was as if turned to stone.

The next, however, I recovered myself, as the reptile, which, it was evident, had been alarmed by the report of the gun, darted past me.

Never shall I forget the delight with which I emerged from the cave.

Terrified as I was, there was one source of comfort—the snake, huge and irresistible in his might as it was, evidently had been as much frightened as myself. The awful din made by the gun in that confined place, had been something new, and therefore alarming to the creature, which, by this time, was probably a great way off.

Still, simply to know that the island contained such creatures, was terrible enough, for no kind of prudence could guard me against the attacks of serpents. I was not then aware that even the largest snake never will attack man except when it is ravenous with hunger.

By and by, taking courage, I returned to the cavern, provided, this time, with two loaded guns.

There was little sleep for me that night. As daylight came, however, without the reappearance of the frightful creature, I gathered cheerfulness and courage.

My first duty was the complete removal of all my goods to the cavern, and this was executed without delay. Then came another task.

I had frequently noticed upon the ground, during my visits to the sea-shore, the tracks left by wild beasts, some of them of formidable size.

Therefore, feeling the necessity of a safeguard, I went at work an hour every morning, after breakfast, digging, at the end of my pathway, a pit deep enough to render the escape of most animals impossible. It took some time, but when finished, it was a perfect pitfall. A few bamboos and boughs were spread over the top, then grass and a shallow sprinkling of earth.

For my own convenience, a narrow flight of steps was made, but all means of exit were cut off that way by good, stout beams, placed crosswise, with heavy stones to keep them down.

Meanwhile, a great part of my time was spent in making my cave-house comfortable and habitable.

Stores from the bread-fruit tree were obtained, and also goat-meat—for, several goats having ventured in my way, I had shot them. A portion of the meat I had eaten raw, and had smoked the rest over a fire of boughs which, though it did not improve the flavor, had tended to preserve it.

Another idea entered my mind. I had a goodly supply of peas, barley and oats, obtained, as I have stated, from the wreck, and of the character of which I was determined to make a trial.

To dig up such a field as would serve my purpose would require more labor than I cared to expend. Not far from my retreat, however, I had often noticed a wild field, containing a rich, black loam, and covered by grasses and flowers, which were now dried up by the sun's heat. Having obtained plenty of dry moss for tinder, I lighted it and applied it to the grass, which, in a moment, blazed up so furiously that the air was filled with a dense volume of black and acrid smoke, mingled with flame. Up rose, with loud and shrill cries, a dozen birds, that had probably made their nests in the grass, if I might judge by the desperate way in which they hovered over the flames and smoke. Then I could see, through gaps or arches of the heavy vaporous wall, small deer and other animals, making their way desperately from the rushing, devastating fire.

One thing had not struck me: the edges of the two detached thickets were bordered by bushes, while from the trees hung long pieces of moss of a peculiar dry nature.

It was thus that, ere I was aware of it, the forest was on fire!

With tremendous exertion, however,—by rushing into the woods, and, with brush, beating down the flames, I succeeded in putting them out before they had made irresistible headway.

When the fire was exhausted on the field, the latter was nearly ready for planting.

With my rake, I soon had it prepared, and then I commenced to throw in the half of all my seeds.

Gathering clouds and a dampness in the air of a morning now proclaimed that the wet season was approaching.

My efforts were therefore redoubled. Among other things, I fished up two small barrels of beef and pork, washed ashore from the fast-breaking-up ship. Fish were abundant this season, and easily captured, with hooks made, after a fashion, with bone. These were dried in the hot sun, a little salt brine being merely scat-

tered over them, and placed in an empty rum-cask.

One morning, I concluded to ascend one of the cliffs near my cavern, when the scene spread before me was so beautiful as to almost bewilder my soul with delight. A variegated prairie was bounded by a rock, which slightly overhung the plain, its summit being surrounded by bushes and trees. To the right and left were trees of every variety known to the tropics, while the greensward was enameled with flowers. Sinking beside the fallen trunk of a tree, I gazed upon the landscape with silent rapture.

Suddenly, I heard a jabbering amidst the thick bushes among the trees. The next moment, a little creature, which I knew to be a monkey-cub, came gamboling out. Its mother followed, and began playing with its young. As they approached the rock on the edge of the plain, the cub stood stock-still. Then, with horror and affright, my hair standing on end, my heart beating wildly, I beheld emerge from a thicket on my right the terrible and hideous anaconda! The latter, moving slowly at first, made a spring at the female monkey, and fixed its fangs in its flesh. Then, with a sudden twist, it brought its folds to bear upon the wretched animals, encircling them in such a way as to render escape impossible. A powerful squeeze from the hideous reptile completed the fearful work. It covered its prey with a kind of foam, after which its jaws were opened, and the huge mouthful swallowed at once.

Horried, I hastened back to my cavern, to be greeted by the joyful barking of Tiger, who, shut up in the cave, evidently had been very miserable on account of my prolonged absence.

Next day, the rain commencing to fall in torrents, I began laying out my plans for the many days of this, my first wet season.

I divided, by means of bamboo wood, my cave into several convenient apartments, and made a fireplace.

When I kindled a fire, the smoke did not in-

terfere with them, and, being very fertile, had plenty of pleasant shade.

One end of it, that furthest from me, was not more than seven or eight feet across. This I proceeded to block up by means of stakes, bamboos and stones, until I had contrived such a barrier as even a gazelle would not leap over.

Then, using my telescope, I saw the little drove at some distance, browsing and coming my way.

A little up the valley, where fertile tracts were wont to draw them, I planted my wands, with the crimson cloth waving in the wind, and then crouched down upon my face, holding my dog firmly round the mouth. For an hour I lay in this position, behind some thick bushes.

Fortunately, the wind was from the gazelles to me, so that even their keen scent could not detect my presence. My old hunting-trick succeeded. The little animals, attracted by the fluttering-cloth, came slowly up, their noses raised to the wind, the doe first, the kids after.

No sooner were they past me than, rising to my feet, I gave a loud cry, and, rushing across the narrow mouth of the valley, had, in a moment, placed in their pathway a net which effectually prevented all chance of return.

My raptures knew no bounds. I had a home, I had corn-fields—now had I not flocks and herds?

I well knew that it would be useless to endeavor to tame such an animal as the gazelle at once; so I resolved to proceed by degrees. The grass of the valley could not last the drove very long; but before it could run short, I hoped to have such a crop of carrots, turnips, and even barley and oats, as to enable me to spare them some food. The gazelle feeds willingly on any thing green, and in order to use them to my presence, I made a further inroad on their liberty. By means of stakes and willow-like boughs, I made, at one end of the valley, a kind of inclosure, like a sheep-pen, into which I easily taught my dog to drive them every evening, when I made a point of giving them turnip-tops, carrots, and

Beat Time's Men of Mark.

"'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange—'tis funny."

JOHN SMITH, ESQ.

THERE is something inspiring in the greatness that sets a man above his fellows—something that makes us pause while we stop—something that makes us think as we contemplate—something that interests while it pleases; but a man may climb up and sit down very high on the fence of fame, while many will recognize neither him nor his place, because of their own shortsightedness. No man is an idiot in his own estimation; what we are, depends very much upon the opinions of others, and public opinion is not always a safe investment for a bet. There are many men to-day drudging in our halls of Congress, who might, if they would only improve their talents, become good shoemakers; and many men who reap the honors and emoluments of street-sweeping, might ascend high in the eyes of beholders, carrying a hod, for instance, and become an honor to their creditors.

Among men of heroic character, none stand higher than the world-renowned Smith!

Mr. Smith is a descendant of people who lived before him, and the predecessor of those who succeeded him. His father was a relation of his mother only by marriage. Smith was himself connected with his father by birth, and was also some relation to his cousins, but how I don't know. His uncle always rejected the idea that he was any relative of his, but I can't see how he could make it out exactly. Had I the time to pursue a philosophical speculation of the Boston tendency, I could assert that he was a brother to himself, and would eventually become his own grandmother.

His father (who once was a beardless youth of the boy persuasion), at his death, would have left the bulk of his estate to him if he had had any; as it was, he only left him his name—SMITH, qualified by the word John, to distinguish him from the rest of them. Thus thrown penniless upon the world, and at a time when his country called for great men, he offered his services to a livery-keeper, and went to exercising his wonderful powers in cleaning horses. If Queen Victoria remembers him yet, she can call him to mind, and recollect him without any forgetfulness or hesitation.

Prince Albert once did him the royal honor of riding a horse which he had curried. Such a mark of distinction was not without its effect upon the ambition of our hero, who straightway applied for royal favor, and as luck would have it, there was at this time a vacant seat in parliament, and he was appointed to a portership in a green-grocery; but his growing faculties not having room enough in this contracted sphere, he was soon afterward appointed professor of tonsorial science, with a chair in a barber-shop.

Occupying his chair too assiduously for his health, the masters saw fit to relieve him of his arduous duties, and he retired before the toe of existing circumstances. I may say he took orders, and departed the institution in disorder. He then instituted an apple-stand on the street-corner, where he conducted a wholesale business—that is, he

sold his apples whole, and wouldn't cut them; but when winter came on, and he found that his room was a little too large to lath and plaster and keep warm, he ate up his stock and quit.

He was very expert, and in fact every thing to which he laid his hand he conquered and made his own.

Genius is always eccentric, and the eccentricities of his, evinced in the peculiar and exclusive manner in which he took care of other people's interests, induced his friends—among whom was a great judge of character—to procure him a long situation in government employ, in which he still remains, and it may be said to his credit that though many men have had more opportunities, few have done their country longer or more laborious service. It is due to Mr. Smith to say that he was not the instigator of the war between England and Russia, and also that he never was caught stealing chickens or sucking eggs.

He was not only generous to a fault, but he was generous to a good many faults. His organs of feet were quite large.

I met him when I was traveler-extraordinary to the courts and alleys of Europe. He looked like an animated statue—of hard times, highly exaggerated. The moon, he told me, was nothing but the sun, whose diminished light was altogether owing to the surrounding darkness; this he maintained with so much eloquence that I couldn't possibly do otherwise than believe him with all my heart. One, at first sight, would hardly have taken him for a great man; and it would be impossible for me to affirm they would have done so on second sight—genius doth so disguise itself, that it is hazardous to trust to appearances, and one thereby runs a chance of not getting his money back. Clean shirt did not figure in his philosophy, and although he did not cultivate honesty exclusively, he treated everybody alike—when he could get a chance. Though humble himself he never looked down upon the rich, and his friends were not his enemies.

BEAT TIME.

